



Oevpumineś

















infinitely: everything becomes a vertex of / to exegetical polyhedra.

Welcome,  
and as the playwright,  
journalist, essayist,  
aphorist, Austrian poet  
Karl Kraus uttered,

‘O delight in the experiences  
of the tongue, marrow devourer!  
The danger of the word is the  
pleasure of thought.’

(...) From now on, we can  
‘hear the heart of the tongue’  
(which, through Θεορυμίνες, tries

to translate the ‘Melgaço  
phenomenon’) ‘beating’.

In the heart of the labyrinth,  
the Minotaur beats us ... so that,  
*devoured*, we may all become  
a single Body. By the Music of O.M.,  
We: The Embodied Ones!”









EXEGESE MUSICAL EXEGESIS

Título / Title:

# Θevrumineś

- Revista Digital / e-Zine -  
[Retratos do Artista Quando Melgaço /  
Portraits of The Artist as Melgaço]

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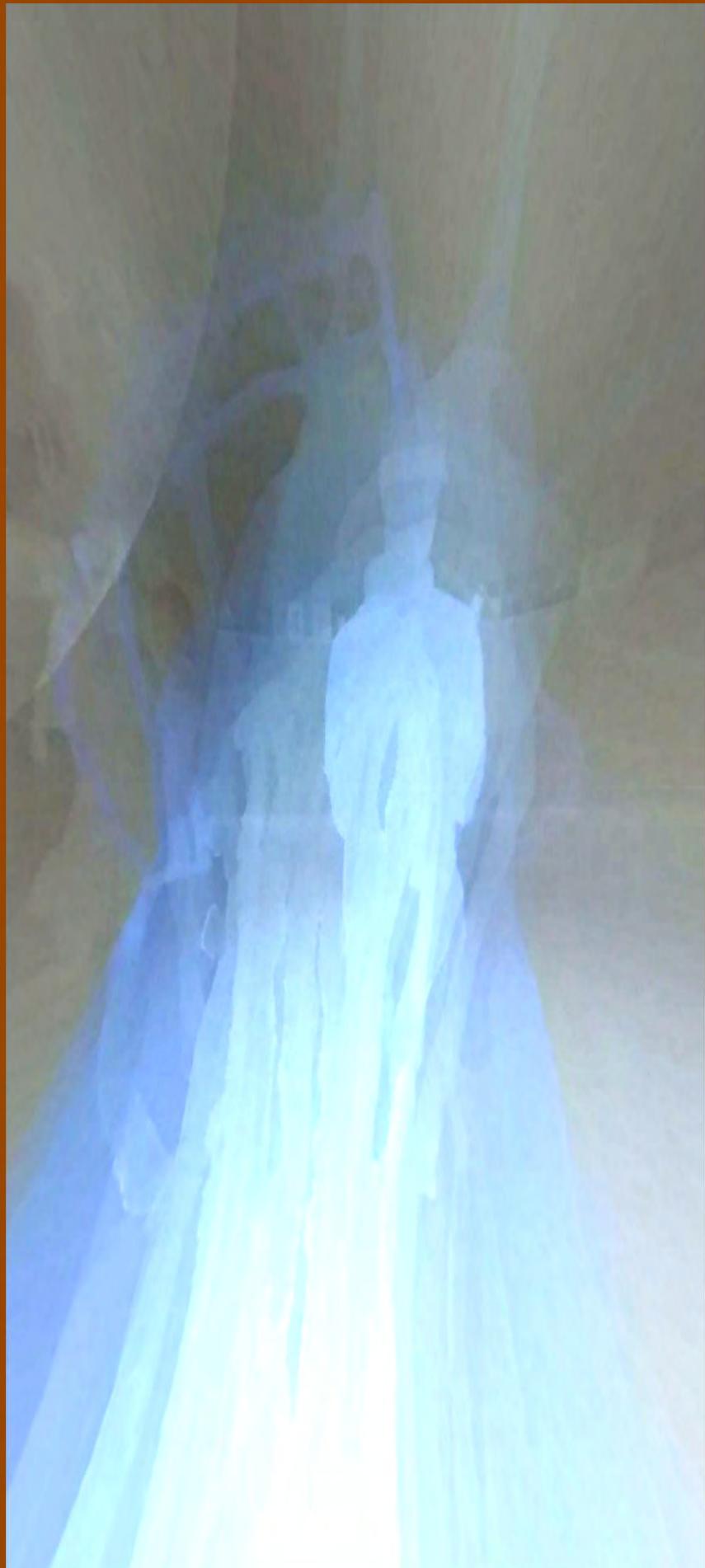
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is, as stated in *encyclopedisms*,  
a mythical creature portrayed  
in Classical times with the head  
and tail of a bull and the body  
of a man or, as described  
by Roman poet Ovid,  
a being ‘part man and part  
taurus’. It dwelt at the center  
of the Labyrinth, which was an  
elaborate maze-like  
construction designed by the  
architect Daedalus and his son  
Icarus, on the command  
of King Minos of Crete.

The term Minotaur derives  
from the Ancient Greek  
Μίνωταυρός, a compound of  
the name Μίνως



wine-cup of the early-to-mid  
fourth century Pasiphaë  
tenderly cradles  
an infant Minotaur  
on her knee.

The e-MagaZine



evrumineš

is given birth to articulate  
foci of the Critical Fortune  
dedicated to  
the Brazilian artist  
Otacílio Melgaço.

Melgaço that often is compared to a minotaure figure. Now, under Etruscan lenses, an *enfant terrible*, *enfant prodige* stellar.

By the way, there are several codes beyond that, to be deciphered, as a mirror of his Work. The nominal relationship between Μίνως (**Minos**), the Greek king, and the federative State that served as the birthplace of Otacílio, **Minas (Gerais)**, is quoted as an eccentric curiosity. Another parallel: some modern mythologists regard the

Minotaur as a solar personification and Minoan adaptation of the Baal-Moloch of the Phoenicians. Melgaço has a sonic project of cosmopolitan character whose name is **Baal des Quat'z'arts**. And so would be countless such rhizomatic plays. *Last but not least*, it is also intended to honor - here - a certain publication.

Minotaure was a surreal-inspired magazine published from 1933 to 1939 in Paris under the joint initiative of editors Albert Skira and Stratis Eleftheriadis, known as Tériade.

In the line of *Cahiers d'art* by Christian Zervos, dedicated to contemporary art, *Minotaure*, a magazine with an elegant aesthetic, whose purpose was to offer a series of artists a literary platform, publishing theses and poetic creations, as well as a space of visibility, reproducing the works of little known painters or sculptors.

The mythological borrowing of the title fits in many ways into the logic of the surrealists who saw through Freud's writings a way of returning to archaic knowledge, the challenge is to detach themselves from the

teachings of reason, even the straitjacket of rationalism . As a hybrid being, between man and animal, the Minotaur represents this inner conflict between consciousness and animality, measurability and monstrosity.

Bataille had already been interested in an article in *Documents* entitled *Soleil pourri*, where he made the connection between the bullfighting ritual, the Minotaur, and the ancient Mithraic cult; vide the chapter 'L'Œil de Granero' in 'Héraire de l'œil'. In visual arts, too, the theme appeared in Masson, Picasso,

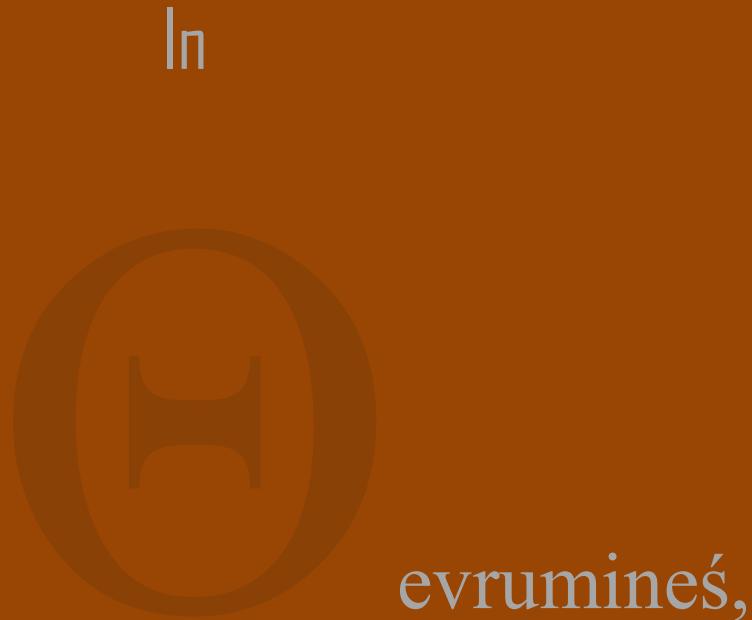
and Max Ernst in the 1920s and enjoyed significant popularity in the artistic milieu of the time - which is also linked to the rebirth of Nietzschean themes if the Minotaur is considered to represent the Impulse Dionysian who commands artistic creation, as opposed to the rational thread of Theseus and the Apollonian model.

That is why the choice of title is generally attributed to Bataille or Masson, as Tériade suggests. In 1924, he really took the myth as the emblem to qualify surrealist research: 'I must be Theseus, but Theseus locked

forever in his crystal labyrinth.'

Theseus, wireless, may represent a being solely determined by his murderous envy of the Minotaur, and not the rational man who on his way out of the labyrinth takes the city of Athens.

In 1933, the choice of such a title is not the prerogative of a single person, but the reflection of the aesthetic and philosophical debates inherent in that time, the hybrid quality of the Minotaur referring to the duality of the journal's editorial line, shared between Bataille's vision and of Breton.



*yes, there is a thread of the  
skein, and this leads to  
the own Minotaur.*

So that we may be devoured. It  
is not an artifice in order to  
stop losing ourselves and then  
escape the Labyrinth.

*Yes, the most Melgacian  
manner to meet the Creature.  
That will sacrifice us,*

'metabolize' us. Process from  
which the reciprocal becomes  
more than true.

If Oswald  
de Andrade  
(*writer, essayist and*  
*Brazilian playwright*)  
in the past "choreographed",  
modernist, its *anthropophagic*  
"Movement" (or Manifesto);  
here-&-now  
the Minotanthropophagy!  
Or Anthropominophagics  
are we ... because  
both prisms  
complement each other  
as if Asterion twins.



*and the still considered  
universal in our Age -  
in such  
tongues more and more let  
the treasure of exegeses of  
the creations of O.M.  
be entwined.*

Two intriguing characters of  
the culture from which  
Melgaço came:  
Murilo Mendes  
and  
Ismael Nery.  
A precious part of the  
reliquaries of Otacílio.  
Once the first one had said  
that the second '*still in life, had  
entered into the Absolute*'.

Quintessentially, it can be signed / blessed with regard to the Œuvre of O.M. and, *daedalusiads*, we'll pass this primacy: in Review."

(Caio Campbell - *one of the Melgacian curators* - & O.M.Team)







em etrusco,  
significa

M inotauro.

Na mitologia grega,  
*como é sabido através*  
*dos mananciais encyclopédicos:*  
uma criatura mítica retratada,  
nos tempos clássicos, com  
a cabeça e cauda  
de um touro e o corpo de  
um homem ou,  
como descrito pelo  
poeta romano Ovídio,  
um ser ‘parte **humanum**  
e parte **taurus**’.



‘(o) Touro de Minos’.

Em Creta,  
era conhecido  
por Asterion (‘Estrela’),  
um nome compartilhado  
com o pai adotivo do rei.

Se sob ótica  
essencialmente ateniense  
(em latim: **Minotaurus**),  
como antagonista de Teseu:  
reflete fontes literárias  
que são parciais  
a tais perspectivas.

Os etruscos,  
que consideravam  
Ariadne companheira





A presente  
Revista digital



evrumineś

é dada à luz para  
articular focos da  
Fortuna Crítica pertencente  
ao artista brasileiro  
Otacílio Melgaço.

Melgaço que muitas vezes  
é comparado à figura  
minotáurica. Se sob lentes  
etruscas: um *enfant terrible*,  
*enfant prodige* estelar.

A propósito, há vários códigos  
além desse, a serem  
aqui decifrados, como um  
espelho de sua Obra.

Cita-se, a título de excêntrica  
curiosidade, a relação *nominal*/  
entre Μίνως (**Minos**), o rei  
grego, e o Estado federativo que  
serviu de berço a Otacílio:  
**Minas (Gerais)**.

Outro paralelismo:  
alguns mitólogos modernos  
consideram o Minotauro  
uma personificação solar  
e adaptação minóica do  
**Baal-Moloch** dos Fenícios.  
Melgaço possui um projeto  
sônico de cunho

cosmopolita Baal des  
Quat'z'arts. E assim  
seriam incontáveis tais  
jogos rizomáticos...

*Last but not least,*  
pretende-se também  
homenagear  
certa publicação.

M inotaure foi  
uma revista de inspiração  
surrealista, publicada  
de 1933  
a 1939







- que também está ligado ao renascimento dos temas nietzscheanos - se o



é considerado para representar o Impulso Dionisíaco que comanda a criação artística, em oposição ao fio racional de Teseu e ao modelo apolíneo.

É por isso que o nome Minotaure é geralmente atribuído a Bataille ou Masson, como sugere Tériade. Em 1924,



àquele tempo: a qualidade híbrida do Minotauro referente à dualidade da linha editorial da revista, compartilhada entre a visão de Bataille e a de Breton.

Em



evrumineś,

*sim, há um fio da meada,  
e este leva ao próprio  
Minotauro. Para que sejamos  
devorados. Não é um artifício  
para deixar de nos perder e*



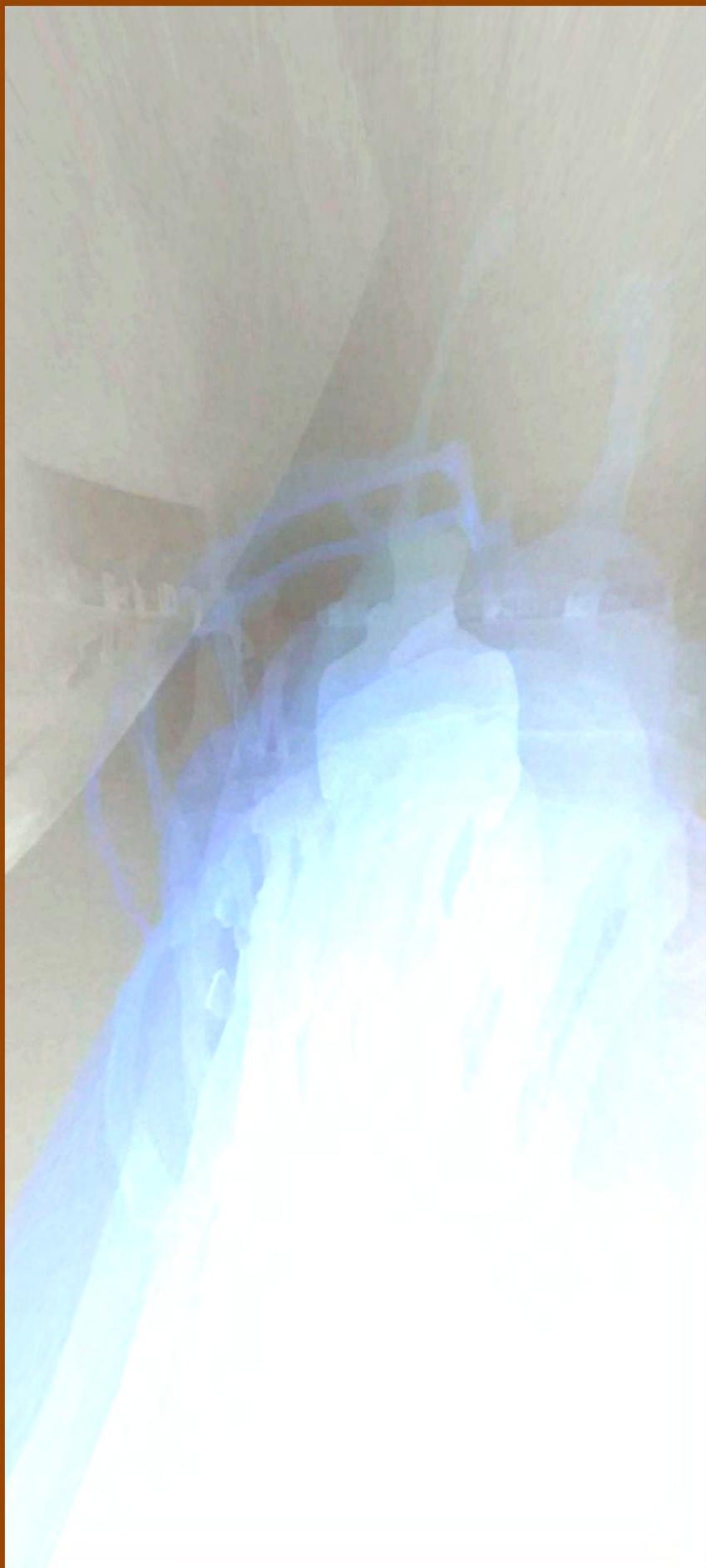




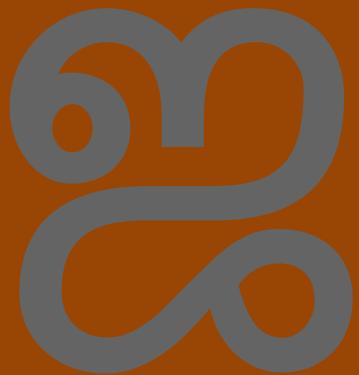
Quintessencialmente,  
o mesmo pode ser  
sacramentado,  
consagrado à Obra  
de Melgaço e, *daedalusíadas*,  
passamos agora esse primado:  
em **Revista.**"

(Caio Campbell - *um dos curadores das Proles Melgacianas* - & ConfrariO.M.)



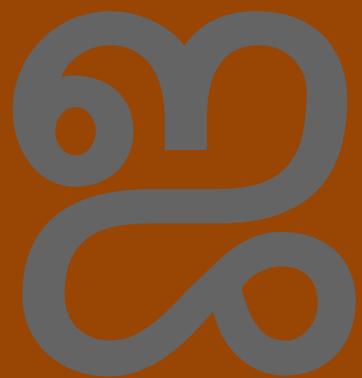


Por meio da  
bricolagem de  
citações oriundas d'alguns  
entre os que mais admira (de  
João Guimarães Rosa a Rainer  
Maria Von Rilke; de Paul Éluard  
Ferdinand Cheval a Ariano Vilar  
Suassuna), Otacílio Melgaço,  
em certa feita, assim se  
“(de)nominou”:



cativo, desposei  
a lentidão da hera  
no assalto à pedra  
d' outro reino.





quem sou eu?



dormi nos ventos.  
quando acordei,  
não cri: tudo o que  
é bonito é absurdo -  
deus estável.  
quem sou  
eu?  
nenhum espelho  
é plano -:  
talvez  
um dandy,  
um flâneur

perdido no tempo e  
no espaço  
(se é que ainda  
existem).

*como o dia depende  
da inocência, o  
mundo inteiro  
depende de teus  
olhos puros:  
os de alma  
exercitada me  
compreenderão...*









tomorrow not know we saw it."

~ Jorge Luis Borges

Anatomically, "Labyrinth" is "a complex structure in the inner ear which contains the organs of hearing and balance. It consists of bony cavities (the bony L.) filled with fluid and lined with sensitive membranes (the membranous L.)." This meaning, by itself, would already be an impeccable emblem to designate the corpus that becomes architectural haven for the works of Otacílio Melgaço. However, it is irresistible to visit (and to inhabit) its legendary, semiotic,



a time even earlier than that of the mythological heroes. But such images are far older still, being found on European icons from as long ago as 5000 B.C.E. And before they became stylized as double-headed axes with curved blades, it is clear that they depicted butterflies. Because of its transformation from a caterpillar, the butterfly represented change and rebirth to the people of the Stone Age, and therefore it was revered as a form of the Great Goddess. Other images of the Great Goddess in the form of a snake are characteristic of the Minoan civilization. Snakes were sacred



was born on Crete or sheltered there in a cave on Mount Dicte. Thus the Greeks acknowledged a more ancient spiritual heritage. Prehistoric labyrinths may have served as traps for malevolent spirits or as paths for ritual dances. Many Roman and Christian labyrinths appear at the entrances of buildings, suggesting that they may have served a similar apotropaic purpose. In their cross-cultural study of signs and symbols, Patterns that Connect, Carl Schuster and Edmund Carpenter present various forms of the labyrinth and suggest various possible meanings, including not

only a sacred path to the home of a sacred ancestor, but also, perhaps, a representation of the ancestor him/herself: "...many [New World] Indians who make the labyrinth regard it as a sacred symbol, a beneficial ancestor, a deity. In this they may be preserving its original meaning: the ultimate ancestor, here evoked by two continuous lines joining its twelve primary joints." Schuster also observes the common theme of the labyrinth being a refuge for a trickster; in India, the demon Ravana has dominion over labyrinths, the trickster Djonaha lives in a labyrinth according to

Sumatran Bataks, and Europeans say it is the home of a rogue.

One can think of labyrinths as symbolic of pilgrimage; people can walk the path, ascending toward salvation or enlightenment. Author Ben Radford conducted an investigation into some of the claims of spiritual and healing effects of labyrinths, reporting on his findings in his book *Mysterious New Mexico*.

Many labyrinths have been constructed recently in churches, hospitals, and parks. These are often used for contemplation; walking among

the turnings, one loses track of direction and of the outside world, and thus quiets the mind. The Labyrinth Society provides a locator for modern labyrinths all over the world.

In addition, the labyrinth can serve as a metaphor for situations that are difficult to be extricated from.

In recent years, there has been a resurgence of interest in labyrinths and a revival in labyrinth building, of both unicursal and multicursal patterns. In modern imagery, the labyrinth of Daedalus is often represented by a multicursal

maze, in which one may become lost.

The Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges was entranced with the idea of the labyrinth, and used it extensively in his short stories (such as "The House of Asterion" in *The Aleph*). His use of it has inspired other authors (e.g. Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*, Mark Z. Danielewski's *House of Leaves*). (...) The labyrinth is also treated in contemporary fine arts. Examples include Piet Mondrian's *Dam and Ocean* (1915), Joan Miró's *Labyrinth* (1923), Pablo Picasso's *Minotauroromachia* (1935), M. C.

Escher's Relativity (1953), Friedensreich Hundertwasser's Labyrinth (1957), Jean Dubuffet's Logological Cabinet (1970), Richard Long's Connemara sculpture (1971), Joe Tilson's Earth Maze (1975), Richard Fleischner's Chain Link Maze (1978), István Orosz's Atlantis Anamorphosis (2000), Dmitry Rakov's Labyrinth (2003), and drawings by contemporary American artist Mo Morales employing what the artist calls "Labyrinthine projection." The Italian painter Davide Tonato has dedicated many of his artistic works to the labyrinth theme. Mark Wallinger

has created a set of 270 enamel plaques of unicursal labyrinth designs, one for every tube station in the London Underground, to mark the 150th anniversary of the Underground. The plaques were installed over a 16-month period in 2013 and 2014, and each is numbered according to its position in the route taken by the contestants in the 2009 Guinness World Record Tube Challenge.

(...)

It would be inevitable to culminate this sequence of references by citing the film *Labyrinth*, a 1986 musical dark

fantasy adventure film directed by Jim Henson, executive-produced by George Lucas, and based upon conceptual designs by Brian Froud. The film revolves around 15-year-old Sarah's (Jennifer Connelly) quest to reach the center of an enormous otherworldly maze to rescue her infant brother Toby, whom Sarah wished away to Jareth, the Goblin King (David Bowie). With the exception of Jennifer and David, most of the film's significant characters are played by puppets produced by Jim Henson's Creature Shop. There would not be a more appropriate name to close with

the golden key these analogies  
that pervade Melgacities and  
Mazes than Mr. Bowie, a  
musician that Otacílio admires,  
and thus are consecrated all the  
vertices of such kaleidoscopic  
amalgam. As soon, precisely  
with very aureate key, we will,  
on the other hand, open the  
serpentine door of a certain  
"Maison" ...

\*

"Whoever looks into himself as  
into vast space and carries  
galaxies in himself, also knows  
how irregular all galaxies are;  
they lead into the chaos and

labyrinth of existence."  
~ Friedrich Nietzsche

# LA MAISON MELGACO

The Minotaur's abode. This is the terminology that some of the admirers of the Brazilian artist use to refer to "a network of paths and hedges designed as a puzzle through which one has to find a way" that houses Melgacian phonographic albums.

Mainly by the relation that such a vast number of sonic works came to establish with the concept of a labyrinth from which we live an immersive experience that, according to several, could be considered - not only but also - of "mythological" character due to "ritualistic" contents; "ceremonial" atmospheres / ambiances; multifaceted s(urr)ounding(s); metaphysical symbolologies of "transcendence" plus thematic interfaces; compositional polymorphisms; range of sonic genres; technical miscegenations; etc. Videlicet: a complex combination of

"initiatory" passages, nay, rites of passage(s).

[M-a-i-s-o-n M-e-l-g-a-c-o. Of course there's a play on words endowed with a singular sonority and yet the suggestion that O.M. is a kind of sound designer / stylist. If we think of music and its conception processes, combinations of shapes and colors, motifs and textures, volumes and seams plus harmonizations / arrangements, editions / cuts, variations of aesthetic / behavioral tendencies and so on, the parallel with "haute couture" is neither absurd nor frivolous.]

So all the many-sided arabesque decoded so far, recapturing the "warren" subject-matter, may establish an immediate comparison between Melgaço and the figure of the creature who was half man and half bull. Creature confined in Crete in a labyrinth made by Daedalus and fed on human flesh, it was eventually slain by Theseus. It is not coincidence that the prefix of the name OTAcílio reappears in MinOTaur. Likewise, he could be Theseus. Could be Daedalus. Incidentally: each one of them simultaneously and many others ... A fundamental question

arises: it would be us, while we wander through the musical maze, the seven plus seven or seventy or seven hundred or seven thousand ... virgins whom he - every nine years, or months, weeks, days, hours, seconds - will devour? We're excitedly ... lost, deep, ecstatic, abstracted ... in a tangle of metaphors: from a cosmogonic sense of "auditory maidenhead" to the artistic act, accomplished and absorbed, as - in our contemporary version - a mutual anthropophagy (betwixt the offspring of Pasiphaë with a taurus - by whom she fell in love - and the sacrificed Athenians:

creator and audience, both of which are increasingly indiscernible and such - now - synchronous "cannibalism" is the maximum sign of it). More than two hundred discs arranged as the simulacrum of Λαβύρινθος. By the layout (because if by cover images, nothing would be more daedal), if visually they appear unintricate, the same does not occur sonorously. So we are facing an invitation to start this meta harmonic mazy odyssey and metamorphose us into it. Each one will choose which intra route (rOTA) will take place. As well as the place itself may

choose for us. What will be our orientation or will we give ourselves to intuition and chance? Ordination or / and aleatoricity? There, everything is allowed.

We are our own compass or the invite includes the dismantlement of any instrument that shows the direction of magnetic north. There will be other ordinances, unpredictable, unimaginable; or no rule, we can "hang ourselves on the ropes of Liberty". Better, the labyrinth as an extreme and sovereign insertion in the heart of the freedoms from which we

will feed and that will also devour us. And yet ...

"... and yet ... Denying temporal succession, denying the self, denying the astronomical universe, are apparent desperations and secret consolations. Our destiny ... is not frightful by being unreal; it is frightful because it is irreversible and iron-clad. Time is the substance I am made of. Time is a river which sweeps me along, but I am the river; it is a tiger which destroys me, but I am the tiger; it is a fire which consumes me, but I am the fire. I imagined a labyrinth of labyrinths, a maze of mazes, a

twisting, turning, ever-widening labyrinth that contained both past and future and somehow implied the stars.

Absorbed in those illusory imaginings,

I forgot that I was a pursued man; I felt myself, for an indefinite while, the abstract perceiver of the world. The vague, living countryside, the moon, the remains of the day did their work in me; so did the gently downward road, which forestalled all possibility of weariness. The evening was near, yet infinite."

~ Jorge Luis Borges

At a climax, who knows as Deus Ex Machina, the very Argentine writer, in all his "porteña" sagacity, uttered: "There is no need to build labyrinth when the entire universe is one."

So, welcome  
to the Melgacian universe!  
The only condition, by mere  
surreal precaution: it is not  
possible to carry any ball of  
wool. Because ...  
*γνωθι σεαυτόν!*

You're hoped-for:

M|M

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com>

(O.M.Team)

\*

## Appendix

Asked about the space-oriented terminology that lodges his works, both on La Maison and the parallel with a Labyrinth, Otacílio Melgaço declared that these perspectives are valid and exciting and that they had passed through his head. Albeit, in creating such a broad nook, he had originally thought of

Friezes. He was not inspired by them but remembered names like Gustav Klimt and Edvard Munch, and their respectively Beethoven Frieze and Frieze of Life. First O.M. started essentially from an artistic motif, establishing aesthetic and semiotics relations amidst the images of the covers (and titles) of his albums.

As for more dialogic models of these correlations, he cites

|

M is for Music, Mozart, Mystery, Melgaço, Mankind (Piece for

Strings & Choral)

+

Cóndor

||

Château de Lacoste

+

Le Sexe de Dada

|||

(the eight covers for)

Unvanity Case Singles Series

First a paramount artistic motif, then opened up, for example, to "mythical" connotations.









em termos composicionais e, também, de execução. O que tem a dizer sobre isso? <<

D.M. - "Em inúmeras de minhas Peças sonicas, instituo a desconstrução ou fragmentação, mesmo extinção melódica. Em princípio, se levarmos em conta a rosa dos ventos de uma padronização pandêmica da processualidade auditiva que filtra, se conforta e conforma com determinados clichês do que se convenciona como Música, eu a desfiguro. Desfacializo-a, desidentifico-a. Ei-la em franco 'anonimato', termo que deriva do grego









# [DAS MANIFESTAÇÕES

de cordiais admiradores  
- enviadas, via correio  
eletrônico, ao artista -]

“‘De Humani Corporis Fabrica’”.

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/de-human corporis-fabrica-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-45-28>

O contexto musical apresentado por Melgaço é singular, na medida em que traz à tona um











seja uma experiência valorosa  
compartilhar o ato único *dessa  
audição* com alguém.

*Como quem se debruça com  
delicadeza por sobre a psique  
humana já que psicóloga, não  
posso deixar de comentar: com  
‘Rosário (Tombeau d’Arthur  
Bispo)’*

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/r-o-s-r-i-o-tombeau-d-arthur-bispo-otacilio-melga-o-duration-01-02-12>

*começou a viagem; o que sei de  
sua história, sua obra, ou  
melhor, sua missão.*

*Ao "auscultá-lo," não ficamos estáticos diante da imagem do manto sagrado e suas demais criações fantásticas: caminha sozinho sem seu manto àquilo que é a morte, fim e começo, encontro com a deidade.*

Retomando a meada de mil fios, recordo-me agora das sinfonias de Melgaço, certa vez, com um amigo *em crise* pedindo-me Chopin, 'Marcha Fúnebre'. E a ouvimos. Mas, e depois? - Ah! Vamos escutar Otacílio! - eu com a expectativa de mais acalmá-lo. Qual o quê! Desses obras voluptuosas, de repente um ser mitológico























are not, of course, referring to "assemblé, cou-de-pied or temps lié".]

Usually the choreographers are all the time next to their dancers, everything happens live in rehearsals. But when, in the past, a dance company, located on the other side of the planet, did intend to set up that same "construction" given to light so distantly and without the attendance of the originator? And if the creator was no longer alive, without some successor to perform this function, how would its "designing" be recorded and transmitted to anyone anywhere?







for professional classical music performers, sheet music using staves and noteheads is the most common way of notating music, but for professional country music session musicians, the Nashville Number System is the main method. The symbols used include ancient symbols and modern symbols made upon any media such as symbols cut into stone, made in clay tablets, made using a pen on papyrus or parchment or manuscript paper; printed using a printing press (ca. 1400s), a computer printer (ca. 1980s) or other printing or modern copying technology.



(1750–1820) and the Romantic music era (1820–1900), notation continued to develop as new musical instrument technologies were developed. In the contemporary classical music of the 20th and 21st century, music notation has continued to develop, with the introduction of graphical notation by some modern composers and the use, since the 1980s, of computer-based score writer programs for notating music. Music notation has been adapted to many kinds of music, including classical music, popular music, and traditional music.)







the same can be said of Otacílio shifting the musical transmission from a sheet to the genuine constitution: the sound itself.

Questioning the actual efficacy of such "paper-based art" (as, for example, Villa-Lobos had already criticized for decades); even considering so many alternatives that contemporary composers have provided in an attempt to bridge this gap between sounds (organized or not) and notations (Hans-Joachim Koellreuter is a good name in this sense): Melgaço's ambition was to generate a "Sound Score". "Delectizing" the

eyes of such intermediation and restoring to the ears this primary capture. [Both in its concretion and metaphorically, two scenes that well project what is being said (in another scenarios but, at the bottom, we are talking about the same subject): that's when we witness a maestro of great carat like Herbert von Karajan conducting a titanic orchestra (or an extraordinary musician such as Keith Jarrett playing a piano Piece): with eyes wide shut. Maybe you think: yes but for this they read many scores before, no? Surely (was the traditional "dressage" they

had), but precisely because of this, would not these closed eyes seem an act of manumission, emancipation, liberation? Never in another circumstance can we observe them so elevatedly "possessed" by music when they ascend to the status of "pure hearing". That must mean something, right?]

"`Delectizing' the eyes of such intermediation and restoring to the ears this primary capture." And how did the Brazilian artist do it? Creating, *a priori*, a captive cycle of mechanisms that aims at the seminal sonic configuration of his

compositions. He himself and other musicians belonging to "The O.M. Clan" are charged with structurally generating an auditory complexion of all Melgacian creations. And these quintessential records serve as plenary reference to all who approach the artist to perform them (his sonic Pieces), to interpret them. It is what Melgaço, with a certain humor, calls [in the rescue of "incestuous" Sound-Sound (Play-Listen-rePlay or transPlay) and, fortunately not to the letter, in the (anti-paperwork) "pierced eyes"]: the re-Edipian Method. [No mention

of Sigismund Schlomo Freud and *yes* of Greek mythology in its primacy.] The mentioned modus operandi, apropos, is not a flag that Melgaço wields, he prefers diversity and hopes that everyone can follow the north that is most interesting to respective intentions and needs. Continuing toward our epicenter, let us think how this would have become impractical in the past (for many, in the present too). Or for logistical or technological reasons. On the one hand, not always a composer who created / creates, e.g., a symphony had / has access to an entire



collective formations) ... so that, in the end, everything was meant to be mixed and thus gaining a definite shape through the hands of the mentor.

Such obstacles were overcome by D.M.: whether through the ample spectrum of possibilities of solo creation (by means of digital / electronic sources) ... and as a cosmos of timbres under reach, simulations of musical instruments the most diverse origins / characteristics et cetera: all this has proved accessible and masterful if under the command of prepared / inspired minds & hands; either by the options

proliferated by a multi-executant who also makes use of physical vehicles, from conventional (acoustic and electric) to those invented and constructed by himself; yet by the network of partners around the globe, participating / contributing (taking into account the technology that allows this with professionals quality and timing).

Generally, a formal composer "concocts" singly. Then transcribes its spawn, in the most verisimilar way possible, for folio. So ... it makes available to potential performers. Thence (or not) recordings will be made

by interested interpreters (or by a particular attitude - of identification, admiration ... - of them; or by the relation that the breeder has with phonographic industry; or independently / for own account etc.). All this besides live performances, sure.

What did Melgaço conquer? He eliminates the "utilitarian phase of the sheet music" and already presents to future executants a straight relation with the composition at its core, available not to be read but listened to. An alien step is extinguished that for it has now



connotations, valid. Millions of people drink coffee every day but countless do not know that it comes from a fruit or how it is. Only a fragment of an entire sequence is known. And when we take this situation to the various rhizomes that integrate folk's lives? We have become less Subjects, more objectified. Not fatefully making the apologia to vegetarianism or veganism [it depends on the conscience and intimate forum of each] but seeking to evoke ventilated reflections, a more enlightening case: millions of children eat chicken meat every day but have never been face to

face with a hen. It may seem trivial but it is not. Not only because of a broader and deeper notion of an ecosystemic relationship with the world (which is increasingly fundamental), but likewise, with more imminent consequences, they (or their parents) can even change the daily menus from the moment perceive themselves more involved with another living being, whether it be an animal (as well as others that, besides the chicken, are sacrificed to serve them as food), or vegetable (if we think not only of a healthy diet but also of the environment) or ...









through her eyes, feel her emotions, share in her pain."

Empathy. Why do we emphasize this "adeptness" so much? It is not casual. After all, such a faculty (that is not restricted only to feelings, as was well argued, but can be expanded), would not be a primordial part of what a composer intends to convey to the interpreter through its creation? And consequently to the audience?

On the part of Melgaço the proposition is Yes. More than conditioned sympathy, trained connection, mere transmission [reversing the automatisms, Otacílio inauguates the







conventional formula - and they will abide in it forever, thereby were trained - etc.), those others - instrumentalists ... - who embrace this proposal are, for the composer, more than enough so that the uppermost qualification and quality of such challenging ratio are jubilant.] A competent or robotic reader is replaced by a reborn listener and, as intended upshot: an empiricist trans engenderer - in all its intuition and cognitive outspread ditto -. This reversal of habitual behavior is at the same time the resumption of a rather primeval expectation and an abyssal metamorphosis

throughout the course of music as the deferent motive. If the executant has greater responsibility in front of this space that opens up to vast possibilities of aspiration and execution; unlocks an exuberant prism of more freedom too. If everything becomes less pragmatic, it is no longer an approximative literality that is in focus but its more participatory and intervening condition. If before there was the attempt to get as close as possible to the notation of what the composer thought and felt and shaped; it is now through the own (visceral) sound language that

music will be revealed. If this makes everything more true and unequivocal, surprisingly it leaves the interpreter more comfortable (or provoked) to as well understand himself and experience its musicality: much near to the role of (simultaneous) creator.

## Addendums

I- One doubt that might arise ... would be: and how O.M. transmits his offspring to all who, beside him, beget this "Sound Score"?

Through various ways. As for himself (Otacílio Melgaço),



relates its œuvres with the exercise of smell, taste, touch ... beyond eyesight and collateral auditions -), always under the tutelage of the originator. That is, without the risk of any tendency to systematic vices, lapses of intentions, decoding faults, bewilderments.

Therefore, the vulnerabilities common to scores ... are surpassed by the presence or direct accompaniment of the composer and multi-instrumentalist and arranger and regent (that is, O.M.), side by side with all those involved in the pristine procedure (this, when it is not himself the only



punctilious cycle is fulfilled  
which will culminate in the  
empiric (and Empyrean)  
perpetuation of an "Opera"  
which, here, honorably, we seek  
to present to and share with all  
of you;

2- 'Writing about Music is like  
Dancing about Architecture',  
this could be a very appropriate  
assertion here.  
The curators of O.M. sometimes  
use this kind of contemporary  
dictation. But always with irony.  
Because they are w-r-i-t-i-n-g  
about Melgaço, correct? So let  
it be clear, there is a  
background of wit when invoking













write about it, probably isn't all that interested in sensible and possible."

2.1- Realize that we fully agree with Ms. Miekus and Mr. Christgau, in what is relative to WRITING ABOUT MUSIC

2.2- But there is the WRITE MUSIC.

The difference between these two formulations is stark.

>>It is not necessary to stress that our post is overall based on WRITING MUSIC.<<

[In the end, all (ours and theirs) arguments - directly or subliminally - are convergent









"Author of an 'insolent' work; totally free; that 'bothers'. A work in which questions are more important than answers. Philip Roth speaks very little on himself.

Never stands out. He prefers to talk about literature. It's through his work, and only through it, that we can try to decipher him. A biography of Philip Roth could just be what his friend Milan Kundera calls 'biography of a work'."

Without a doubt, the same happens if we think of Otacílio Melgaço. The only difference is that he does not even like to talk about music. Probably yes ... as

to ... cartographic projections,  
sectio aurea or falconry.

By the way it's a phrase of the  
own "scribe" from Newark,  
New Jersey:

"A good biography is one that's  
supported by solid facts. This is  
fundamental."

Putting it all on a scale and as a  
thought-provoking Initiation, we  
point out some of the solid  
Melgacian phonographic albums  
as from a few specific  
languages or mediums:

Contemporary Music

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/il-theatro-della-memoria-neogrande>

opera-em-sete-atos-otac-lio-  
melga-o-duration-02-14-27

Sacred Music

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/iconostasis-  
otac-lio-melga-o-honig-stahl-  
orchester-otac-lio-melga-o-  
duration-53-54

Electronic Music

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/klingklang-  
otac-lio-melga-o-duration-40-  
57

(Freely) Experimental

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/prisme-noir-

otac-lio-melga-o-et-lanus-  
solaire-projet-otac-lio-melga-o-  
duration-01-00-21

Soundtrack

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/free-fall-  
queda-livre-soundtrack-koan-  
dance-company-otac-lio-melga-  
o-duration-42-40

Noise Music

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/misophonia-  
vol-1-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-  
33-28

Brazilian Instrumental Music

https://melgacootacilio.bandca

[mp.com/album/o-b-l-u-z-a-brazilian-rhapsody-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-30-17](https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/o-b-l-u-z-a-brazilian-rhapsody-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-30-17)

Tango

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/s-t-ntang-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-45-00>

"Of an 'Oriental' character"

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/ok-ragas-por-la-komenco-de-tempoj-otac-lio-melga-o-duracion-50-25>

"With 'Ethnic' spectra"

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/ajiuo-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-31-58>

Jazz

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/o-c-rculo-imperfeito-otac-lio-melga-o-cadavrexquis-ensemble-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-41-39>

Fusion

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/c-h-i-r-p-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-01-31-01>

"Melting Pop"

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/mojo-o-m-the-dark-midas-combo-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-32-00>

(...)











dialectic regarding the  
creations of Mr. Melgaço.  
Five discs  
were brought to light  
by  
the gallics:

I - "Tree House";  
<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/tree-house-otac-lio-melga-o-cadavrexquis-ensemble-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-40-49>

II - "Kaspar Hauser - Piece for  
Strings";  
<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/k-a-s-p-a-r-h-a-u-s-e-r-piece-for-strings->

otac-lio-melga-o-duration-01-11-19

III - "Brutalism":  
<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/brutalism-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-31-47>

IV - "Troubadour (Quatro Peças para Violão)":  
<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/troubadour-quatro-pe-as-para-viol-o-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-01-06-53>

V - "M - der Vampir von Düsseldorf -"  
<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/m-der-vampir->

von-d-sseldorf-otac-lio-melga-  
o-duration-44-33

We are grateful for all the  
relates so confessional and  
without exception: quite  
constructive.

Differently from some  
"interloci"  
that has identical proposal,  
here with due earnest and  
dignity: it is worth mentioning  
that blog participants punctuate  
the albums.

From zero to ten.  
The average given  
to Otacílio Melgaço  
is nine.

Taking into account

that generally / customarily  
nobody stipulates  
the maximum score to any  
holofotized works (from any  
artist), the conclusions are  
clear: the sonic Melgacian  
offsprings are, with praise,  
olympically categorized.

# THE AGE OF THE HOLY MOONSTRUCK

CDB analects >> Otacílio  
Melgaço & CadavreXquis - "Tree





you are" but "who you seem to be". No news ... albeit, obviously, such aspect so fermented in the virtual world is pitiful.]

A second collateral angle still to be suggested: If we go back a little in time and ask ourselves queries like "Did Igor Stravinsky make 'happy' (pat: cheerful, merry, jolly, jocular, larky, frolicsome, rollicking, canty) compositions? And ... Anton Webern? Maybe ... Olivier Messiaen? Or ... György Ligeti? Possibly ... John Cage? Together with ... Pierre Henry? Krzysztof Penderecki? Perhaps ... Arvo Pärt? Or ... Sofia Gubaidulina? Hildegard Von Bilgen ...

perchance? And ... Lobo de Mesquita? Who knows ... Luiz Gonzaga Melgaço?"

[vide <http://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/melgacoencomium>]

Anyway, it makes no sense. We step into a territory that is immeasurable and its multifacetation is present in each musical note; any pause between notes; every noise brought to the surface like magma; the vulcanicity of intricate harmonizations; eruptive rhythmicities; gushing arrangements; ... concisely: in the reinvention of Mankind







ceiling that can not be an Escher?"]

CDB analects >> In the range of things not happy but very beautiful, there is also the vanguard (with a "base jazz-drone déstructuré-néo classique") of Otacílio Melgaço & CadavreXquis Set - "Tree House" ("The Wooden Cathedral" and "Nest-Nidus" tracks practically pushed me up to the ceiling.) <<

O.M.Team - The first utterances of this sequence (perfect argument from another of the interlocutors)



In exciting complementation, both the way (of the eloquent blogger) to approach a possible normative stylistic of the music of O.M. (specifically about the focused album) even as the powerful, thrilling, apotheotic effect described, are irreproachable.

CDB analects >> The sound of "Kaspar Hauser - Piece for Strings -" is all mysterious, unusual, peculiar, quaint, fantastic; <<

O.M.Team - "Très bizarre. Étonnant, singulier."

Vernacles that mean  
astonishing, singular,  
idiosyncratic.

CDB analects >> smothered not  
very hi-fi at home but he gets  
better at the headphones. <<

O.M.Team - Here is a gloss  
about how there are  
preferences in terms  
of apparatus for listening to a  
particular music. Something  
pretty reasonable as to many  
technological supports available  
today.

Still is a question that deserves  
detailed clarification.  
It has become very common

for people to hear music through headphones.

Portable technologies almost force listeners to do so. Even PCs.

There are at least two frontages about it:

On the one hand, a more developed acoustic sense of spatiality (relevant to auditory perception and fruition) may be with its days counted. In

growing extinction. This is overwhelmingly worrying.

[Impossible not to include an urgent alert: (in the not so distant future: it will be through chips implanted in the cerebrum, do you have any

incertitude about this?) since a certain while, there are more than one generation of persons who started to listen to music, mostly, through headphones (*nolens volens*, connected to mobile devices). Or, yet from time to time without the cord, directly from the limited external speaker of the cell phones and only. That, willy-nilly, and even the computer sound sources are "ridiculous" compared (nor will we cite a professional paraphernalia in professional circumstances) to the set of equipment for the resonance reproduction and amplification that was usually in

people's homes, with better or worse quality, but able to actually reproduce - with the necessary balanced acousticity - what a recording is. The catastrophic consequences of this will still be studied. Be it organically, physiologically, or in appreciative debility.

Solely as a present empirical data by means of a picturesque "lesson": the Italian philosopher Umberto Galimberti, in a recent interview, commented that his ophthalmologist told him something like this: "Children and teenagers who stay twenty-four hours a day with a screen before their eyes about inches



has become quotidian and belike progressively irrevocable. And, do not forget: we will not even itemize the harms that the excessive use of headphones (in ever higher volumes) cause to the hearing (including gradual deafness). Keep in mind that we just go into the merit of "h-o-w" music are being heard, not "w-h-a-t". If we were to delve into "content" in general (the massive mediactic status quo), presumably the tone of this explanation would be more apocalyptic.]

Resuming the thread of the skein: On the one hand, a more developed acoustic sense of

spatiality (relevant to auditory perception and fruition) flirts directly with extinction. On the other hand (which may be a vulnerable assumptive consolation), an "umbilical cord" between the sonic disseminator and the lugs can be a way to implement, in an era quite conducive to a pandemic attention deficit due to excessive stimuli, a new tie-in with the music (more intimate, penetrating). The die is cast ... Otacílio Melgaço is aware of these scenarios and works with them. And with others. But what determines how a vibrant spawn will resonate is not just that.

Some of his albums - by hypothesis - sound better by means of headphones. Okay, this goes for many records throughout the history of the discographic industry but, worth repeating, is likewise related to a predilection.

Another focus (and we ask for your utmost attention): several discs would be supposedly less hi-fi to be heard on speakers and thus more assimilable in and appropriate to earpieces. Something escapes from this assumption, the following truth: some of the albums are purposely "smothered". This is not a technical but aesthetic

guideline. And if we listen to the whole vast Melgacian seed, we will notice: there are incredible, conspicuous variations. Are countless processes to give an audio engineering treatment, always accompanying a more global grasp of what is at stake. Listen carefully to the c-o-m-p-l-e-t-e discography of your favorite composers / instrumentalists. We are absolutely certain that, in such specific light discussed now, ninety-nine percent obey an uniformized modus operandi. The pieces change in feature and traces (if they change); the years go by; the performers

grow older but the semblance of the aforementioned "audio engineering treatment" remains the same - with the addition that they, the tracks, can take on the primers or fads of trends of technological advances. However, despite one or another differentiated varnish (by diachronic contingency), the essence of the "stable cosmetic machinery" persists. This is inexorably proven by recognizing without difficulty what would be the stereotype (for better or for worse) of the "sounding" of, e.g., the 1960s, 1970s, 1980s ... Make a complementary testing: Choose







Uncommonly, scarcely, rarely ...  
a musician or recording  
"designer-builder"  
(when and wherever he is / was  
/ will be on the face of the  
earth) devotes, has devoted or  
will devote so many  
"carpentries, laboratoreities,  
alchemies" to this "cycle" as  
O.M.! Occasionally, not even  
from one disc to another (this is  
already stupendous and  
habitude of Otacílio) but in the  
very work!  
Check it out:

Il Teatro della Memoria  
(NeoGrand Opera em Sete  
Atos)

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/il-theatro-della-memoria-neogrand-opera-em-sete-atos-otacilio-melga-o-duration-02-14-27>

If we are referring to each genesis under respective audio-identity / personification / embodiment (its apprehendness / configuration / embedding), it is a titanic doing shaped by the Brazilian engender.

Not a technical but aesthetic guideline. And being esthetic, inevitably has an e-t-h-i-c-a-l involvement with Art itself (in its integrity and

integrality), with himself (Otacílio) and with his (frictionated) audience. There is a break with the reversal of values that prevailed in the last decades: ears caged in massified conventions, trained as of pasteurized patterns. Here and now, it is not the technique (especially the "technicism") that determines what will be created and how it will be homogeneously digested, but the opposite. The Melgacian work of art is sovereign, it is the Subject; in engineering and architectures: the technicality - as it happens in the praxis of the great cultural figures -



mixing, reproduction, and reinforcement of sound. Examples have already been given by D.M. as

"Pompeii (Solo Cellos Piece)"

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/p-o-m-p-e-i-i-solo-cellos-piece-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-52-25>

Its theme deals with an ancient Roman city near modern Naples in the Campania region of Italy, in the territory of the comune of Pompeii. Along with Herculaneum and many villas in







have grown up in the total isolation of a darkened cell. We are emphasizing since how he was inserted in this situation until handled after the cloister to the extent that was swallowed, chewed and vomited by the very external conjuncture. It is no coincidence that Hauser's claims, and his subsequent death by stabbing, sparked much debate and controversy. Under these circumstances: a sharp artist extends a "smothered" subject-matter to the silhouette of his own music - in this case, willfully "suffocating" as well -. That is, at the very least,



"idiolect" in iconoclastic fists  
(or mouths, tongues)  
and with a more  
accurate posture  
before the conjuncture  
of an entire work  
as it happens with  
creators  
like Melgaço.  
In contrast,  
if we listen to  
the already mentioned

"Tree House";

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/tree-house-otac-lio-melga-o-cadavrexquis-ensemble-otac-lio-melga-o->

duration-40-49 (in its fruitful  
elevation)

or

"Electrocochleography"

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/electrococchleo  
graphy-otac-lio-melga-o-  
duration-46-28

or

"Dandelion  
- Experimental Indo  
Jazz Music -"

https://melgacootacilio.bandca  
mp.com/album/d-a-n-d-e-l-i-o-  
n-experimental-indo-jazz-

music-otac-lio-melga-o-  
duration-32-42

or ...

the hi(gh) fi(delity) is evident; is  
a solar, shining, airy adventure.  
Antithetically (in plethora),

"Unvanity Case Singles Series |  
Zodiak Free Arts Lab"

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/unvanity-case-singles-series-zodiak-free-arts-lab-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-10-49>

is a live record but with an  
intended "bootleg" stamp.

Hence, what we hear is "grimy" as a choice of O.M.; nothing is there to be exactly distinguished. Deliberate marginal blur. If "hi-fi" means having "inaudible noise and distortion, and a flat (neutral, uncolored) frequency response within the human hearing range": Melgaço will advisedly make "interventions" that will misrepresent this in order to attach, more and more, the sound record to the ontology of his "progenies" - when required. Such "fidelity" of sound captation suffers mutation, in short. For what reason? Because, resuming the







is pulsing and breathing increasingly. Anyone who does not realize, does not understand this and does not embrace such multi-layered adsorbent mobility: will be victim of a speedy taxidermization process.

CDB analects >> Otacílio Melgaço "Kaspar Hauser - Piece for Strings": I could not resist, I was tempted to wake up. ; - ) Terrifying and invigorating, vivifying. <<

O.M.Team - The act of being able to incite the procedures of so many specters of sensations is vital for the contemporary artist. When was the last time





Melgaço who seems to me to be  
a Sacred Mad, a Holy Insane! <<

O.M.Team - It's common sense  
(and it is readily perceptible:  
this is the state of affairs here):  
when something or someone  
is called "insane",  
in usual parlance and  
in slang too: we are  
encountering the e-x-t-r-a-  
ordinary.

For curiosity, let's look  
at the definitions of  
an "urban dictionary"  
that are consistent with the  
meanings employed by the  
French blogger:  
"Holy" - I. Sentence amplifier;

2. Used to exalt the feeling of surprise; 3. Unique in every way;

"Crazy" - Popularized in the post millenium as a substitute for cool, hip, exciting, off the hook;

"Insane" - 1. Very, very, very talented; 2. Extreme, breathtaking, intense, kool with a "k";

"Crazy insane" - Something that is so unbelievably awesome. However, an unfolding is welcome.

Taking a literal approach. "A Holy Insane, a Sacred Mad". These circumscriptions seem to be, at first sight / at first bite,





CDB analects >> I f-l-e-w a few more of his records released in May, it's pure madness, furore.

<<

O.M.Team – “I F-l-e-w.” F-l-y, flit, flow, fleet, float, fluctuate, douche, drift, aviate, swim, waft, hover, buzz, poise ...

“In a completely sane world, madness is the only freedom”, said J.G.Ballard. And if we think of “pure” madness, will be the (complementary) words of Nikos Kazantzakis that deserve to be the most indelible denouement: “A person needs a l-i-t-t-l-e madness, or else they never dare cut the rope and be

free".

F-l-y-i-n-g means going beyond  
the l-i-t-t-l-e ...

CDB analects >> His transcriptions of troubadour songs sound "insane", as well as his rereading of the music of Fritz Lang's "M". His "Kaspar Hauser - Piece for Strings" looks terrifying (videlicet: petrify) / terrible (videlicet: tremendous) and terrifiant (videlicet: extraordinary, huge) / terrific (videlicet: formidable, sensational, wondrous) too. <<

O.M.Team – Ut luceat  
O M n i b u s.

\*

And, like a golden epilogue, an informal and promising farewell:

CDB analects >> I do not know if it's worth it to note them all, but it would be nice, if you hang too, to exchange opinions! I put some records tomorrow to note them and I quickly put your new suggestions. Nice and extensive program. I am very motivated.

<<

>> It seems indeed very productive. <<

O.M.Team – Faced with Otacílio Melgaço's more than two

hundred discographic albums, these fluidic open minds & free spirits are even more encouraging if we think of a musician who is instigatingly challenger, definitely out of standards (if we think of a world in which, by the current undue cacophony, it is more deafening than all that - rephrasing Shakespeare - "are dreamt of in" our "philosophy"). Yes, along the distillations from *Le Classement Des Blogueurs* and under its productive pickings: we are all motivated. Replete with m-o-t-i-v-a(c)tions.





# CERETTO IN MEMORIA (CANTATA SPIRITUALE)

DITTICO:  
i- ESODO;  
ii- COMBUSTIONE SPONTANEA]

#

"Only the misfortune of exile  
can provide the in-depth  
understanding and  
the overview into the realities of  
the world."

~ Stefan Zweig

June 2018.

We are aware of its current entropic phase but ... Brazil continues to present a lack of effective governmental contingency planning [and consequently a substantially precarious (negligent?) structure] to receive the thousands of i-m-m-i-g-r-a-n-t-s from Venezuela, fugitives from an - empirically - autocracy that intends, whatever the cost, to persevere the most deplorable of the South American caudillism; Italian Interior Minister Matteo Salvini has banned another boat carrying

émigrés to ports of his "commonwealth". Salvini says i-m-m-i-g-r-a-n-t-s are merely "flesh" and send them to other nations; A challenge to the EU. Hungary approves law criminalizing whoever helps i-m-m-i-g-r-a-n-t-s and thus hampers the activities of humanitarian aid organizations; Although Donald Trump gives in and suspends a decree that fractures families of illegal i-m-m-i-g-r-a-n-t-s, the order to separate parents and children on the border with Mexico provoked and still

provokes outrage inside and outside the United States.

Pardon for the parlance but it is of authorship and of public knowledge, the so-called "Potus Scrotus" has stated that will not admit "its" land "infested" by "invaders". "Infestation" is a term used for rats, grasshoppers, in short, pests. In fact, the "head" of state "really doesn't care". Alias, as well as his aloof (and, by chance: incomer) wife, they "really don't care". ["Do U?" ... or ... what about each of us??]  
(...)

In synchrony with such absurdities and amalgamating

and summarizing all of them, we were informed that there has been a record number of displaced people in the world in 2017: - still within the borders of their fatherlands or, our focus now: extrapolating them - 68.5 million constrained to live far from their homes.

#

"I know how men in exile feed on dreams." ~ Aeschylus

ERETTO IN MEMORIA was released on August 8, 2015. Even considering what had been happening in European territory,

this proves how much Otacílio Melgaço, taking into account the time required for the composition and recording of the sound Piece, was already anticipating and bringing to the fore the transgeographical question of forced population mobility / exodus-exile and, finally, the refugees themselves. [They are not numbers in statistics but humans in a world that supposedly has (human) rights. Beings with names, history, ... therefore: a past and, with hope, a future. But are they having a present?] Different panoramas, distinct solutions, respective







is directed to the heart of this capital theme:

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/eretto-in-memoria-cantata-spirituale-dittico-i-esodo-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-40-07>

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/eretto-in-memoria-cantata-spirituale-dittico-ii-combustione-spontanea-otac-lio-melga-o-duration-48-01>

[Is holofitized the suggestion for, besides the hearing, the reading of the enlightening and









this, effervescent. As the present example,  
j-a-z-z-i-s-t-i-c /  
f-u-s-i-o-n-i-s-t.

Or, observing the multiplicity of sonorities involved, miles and miles beyond.

Melgaço himself never mentioned that the work 'Chirp' would be a curtsey, much less a re-reading of Mr. Davis' masterpiece 'Bitches Brew'. A revisionism, certainly not. However, as far as being a obeisance, he never said otherwise. Wherefore, one of its curators proposed, as an exegesis, such a 'coordination'. If we look

closely at the term, 'the organization of the different elements of a complex body or activity as to enable them to work together effectively'. Not being a conventional encomium or submissive homage, a 'coordinated dialogue' may be the most appropriate definition. Following such an unofficial line of reasoning: a conversation between them, in an unusual fusion, both transtemporal and meta-aesthetic. Continuing to consider the mentioned reverential angle, one of the interesting points of this: purposely - on the part of

Otacílio - he did not seek to speak the same Milesdavision dialect, but another. Equally innovative and personal. [In this manner, he distances himself from a predictable and very common behavior on the part of those who dare to make any approximation of that level.] Soon, after listening to the two albums, are ourselves who must effectuate the translations of the discourses of the Brazilian musician and the North American. And, thus, find the astonishing, interpenetrative, reflective syntax. By the way, a typical act of the provocative creativity of O.M.!



such word (including the concept) does not seem more satisfactory to me.'

In any case, he does not consider 'contemporary music' as situated in a diachrony. It is not a temporal demarcation. It's, according to him, a jargon, a code (like any other) that tries to define a Sound Parlance (even carrying an endless alphabet).

Engendering from a cutting-edge perspective will include certain elements to the Melgacian Sonic Pieces like atonality, polyrhythm, stochasticity, noisity, etc. For those who are 'first-time

sailors', strangeness plus oddity, eccentricity, peculiarity, curiousness ... seem inevitable, just as when we are faced with any invention, innovation; the pursuit of a bold and unflinching cultural freedom. Albeit, once the 'enigma of this sphinx' is solved and the hearers approach and get in the multifaceted universe of O.M., they will surely have all the means to go forward: discovering themselves as both visionaries (like the artist himself) & exigent esthetes capable of delight themselves with the manifoldness of such

prisms and compositional dimensions.}

Below are the reviews that were originally attached to the focused disc:

<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com/album/c-h-i-r-p-otacio-melga-o-duration-01-31-01>







something that will have an effect within us. And very gradually and slowly, it will change the idea we had of what defines humanity."

+

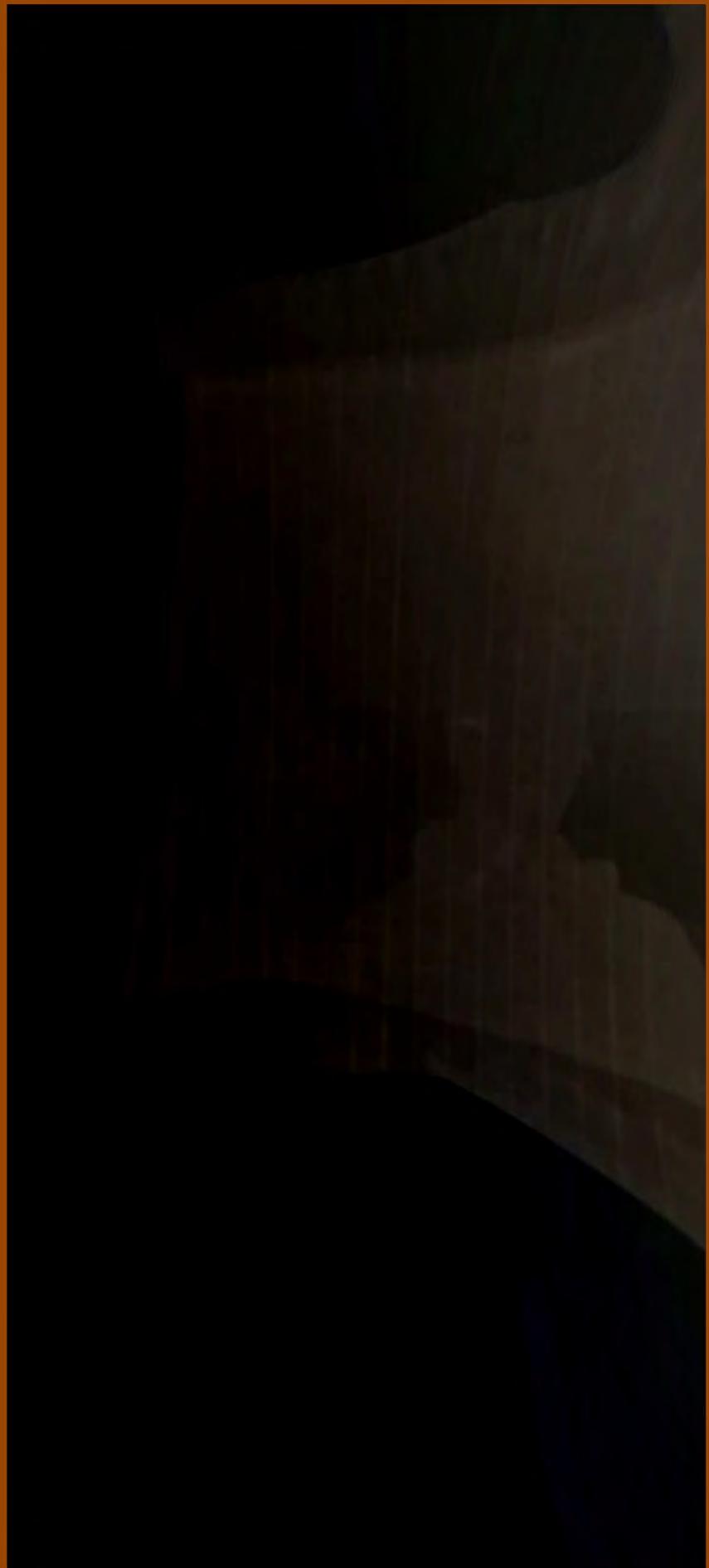
It is not only the fabulous testimony of Monsieur De Loisy that translates the perception that Otacílio presents to us, the very posture of Parreno before his craft is also intertwined with (some of the prisms of) the creations of O.M.: Philippe Parreno (born 1964 in Oran, Algeria) is a French artist who lives and labors in Paris.

His work includes various media, such as film, installations, performance, drawing, sculpture, and text. By re-evaluating the meaning of reality, memory and the imaginary, Parreno focuses on expanding ideas of time and duration through his offsprings and distinctive conception of exhibitions as a medium.

Preferring projects to objects, he began examining unique approaches to narration and representation in the 1990s and has been exhibiting internationally ever since. Reiterating points in common with Melgaço: Philippe begets

artworks that question the boundaries between reality and fiction, exploring the nebulous realm in which the real and the imagined blur and combine. He seeks to expand our understanding of duration, inviting us to radically re-evaluate the nature of reality, memory, and the passage of time. Central is the quest for an ultimate form of communication capable of transcending language.









{CT were a Scottish rock (dream pop, ethereal wave, gothic rock, post-punk) band active from 1979 to 1997. The original members were singer Elizabeth Fraser, guitarist Robin Guthrie, and bassist Will Heggie, who was replaced by multi-instrumentalist Simon Raymonde in 1983. The group has earned much critical praise for its distinctive ethereal sound and the soprano vocals of Fraser, which often abandoned recognizable language altogether. They were associated with the UK label 4AD for much of their career.}



recognizes and absorbs the Gesamtkunstwerk (in a more updated sense) that O.M. instrumentalizes.

+

Simon Philip Raymonde (born Simon Philip Pomerance, 3 April 1962, London) is an English musician and record producer. He is the son of the late arranger and composer Ivor Raymonde.

Simon runs the Bella Union record label, which has released music by Ezra Furman, Fleet Foxes, Flaming Lips, M Ward, Father John Misty, Van

Dyke Parks, Arc Iris, Pavo Pavo,  
John Taverner, Lowly, Xiu Xiu, I  
Break Horses, John Grant,  
Laura Veirs, Midlake, Lift to  
Experience, Howling Bells,  
Stephanie Dosen, Beach House,  
Hannah Cohen, Dirty Three,  
Mountain Man, the Low Anthem,  
Veronica Falls, Vetiver, Andrew  
Bird, J Tillman, Wavves, Abe  
Vigoda, Peter Broderick,  
Department of Eagles, Lanterns  
on the Lake, Alessi's Ark,  
Sleeping States, the Dears,  
Explosions in the Sky, Jonathan  
Wilson and Philip Selway.  
Raymonde has acted as  
producer and mixer on many  
records, including Clearlake's



Bronson Outfit and the 2015  
release Kin by the Duke Spirit.





# [RE- TOUCHING SOCIAL eMOTIONS-

About O.M.'s plural  
interconnections]

Another instance of Melgacian artistic mutualisms, eclectic and borderless. Here we turn to the universe of Dance/Acting, under the aegis of a name that deserves high esteem, Jarkko Lehmus.

Jarkko Lehmus has worked as a dancer, dance teacher, choreographer, director and actor since 1995.

Jarkko trained at the Finnish National Ballet School and at Millennium Performing Arts in London and also holds a BA (Hons) Theatre from Guildford School of Acting. In his artistic work Lehmus concentrates on physicality, spatial imagination, embodied emotions and kinaesthetic empathy. He is interested in multi-disciplinary artworks and the collaboration of art and science.

About the creations of O.M., are of Mr. Lehmus the following words:

"I like the complexity and structure of the work. Very unique and very visual. In many ways they remind me of the ideas of emotional impact of harmony and discord of visual art color theories."

Through a grounded cognition, he demonstrates the polyfaceted character of the (stimulant) cutting-edge nuances as for the sonic offspring in question; in particular: (concretely and figuratively) its palette rich in the maximum extent of tinted

vibrations or oscillations,  
measured from the position of  
odd equilibrium.

A-f-f-e-c-t-i-o-n [Contained in  
the physical and metaphysical  
entrails that constitute an  
œuvre: vehicle that emotions  
(coming from the creator of the  
work; as part of what he intends  
to convey and also of what's  
unexpected and multiple in the  
reaction of his audience) can  
instrumentalize for us to be  
affected ... therefore, impacted];  
I-m-p-a-c-t-i-o-n [The action of  
one "object" (as it's possible to  
cite the "incorporeal  
incorporated sound  
objectuality") coming forcibly

into contact with "another" (the "aural body" that apprehends, metabolizes and merges with the music under - ergo - the force of friction that's the dynamo of a bold art: replete with confluences, dissensions, descensions, ascensions)];

C-o-n-s-o-n-a-n-c-e /

D-i-s-s-o-n-a-n-c-e

[Occasionally minutely purposeful, occasionally a "coup de dés": compositional dialectical "ARTifices" (cohabiting with harmonies & inharmonies, tonalities & atonalities, rhythms & "unrhythms", utopias & dystopias ... in balanced





sound breedings as a painter. If a breathtaking analysis is performed, we can affirm: still as a filmmaker, photographer, sculptor, ... still choreographer ... (and nor will we address for a while the scientist, archaeologist, anthropologist, ethnographer, engineer, architect, philosopher, mythologist, anarchist, ... "alchemist, demiurge").

In addition to what can be visualized and vividly nuanced from the sound settings, a musician composing as if painting or filming, photographing, sculpting, choreographing, and so on. At least this is the

"effect" that we, listeners, are led to fertilize in our minds and impressions. Apropos, hoped-for characteristic outcome of every splendid opera. In the opinion of the curators of Otacílio, a very synergistic originator, there's an explication for this. A broad explanation that will be briefly reproduced below:

Many composers are "figurative" in their works. Or by the use of the words and the illustrative power of them or by means of a thematic objectivity. A theme exposed in the fit title of their pieces and thus quite suggestive or through



the imaginary and the unthinkable, inconceivable, incredible as well. Sensations, decodings, interactions ... "are subject to" a so personalized level as unlimited in its process of absorption of the Art.

In this way Otacílio does not supply us with crutches or scaffolding. There are no prior determinations that serve as tutelages; he is not paternalistic to hold our hands as an almighty pedagogue, and thus, to define what steps we will take and to which north. Melgaço welcomes us, but he does not diminish us. He embraces but does not imprison. He's sympathetic but





references (memorialist, presentified, futurist or paradoxically timeless-unspatial). There is no single allusion stipulated denotatively for the whole collectivity, each of us will be the master of respective previews (and / or narratives).

Even though it's a tightrope over the greater of necessary "abysses", it's the path (our path) that will give us some stability and non-transferable plot, enlightenment along the startling and magnetic inventive vastness ... Or yet, in a scanning blind flight, to offer more and more flow to the ecstatically







distinctly because of this, in absolute "Big Bang" (or Band?), it graces its audience (if listeners decide to follow so attractive orbit) with a range of collateral relativisms that can be a shelter to various configurative filaments. Among such, the "optics" (that gains the unrestricted shape of the devisable). Not by (I) pristine limitations or (II) tactician targeting, on the contrary, from an origin so genuine and legitimate: by its pluri-destinable resounding infiniteness. [From time to time, attempts at comparative exegeses may seem (and indeed





edify ourselves). To eye, look,  
pore ... and, multi-synesthetically:  
to smell, taste, touch and so ...  
so endlessly.

Soully ...

"Art is to shape the soul."

~ Tadao Ando

"閑かさや  
岩にしみ入る蝉の声  
(shizukasa ya iwa ni shimiiru  
semi no koe)  
deep silence  
the shrill of cicadas  
seeps into rocks"  
~ Matsuo Bashō

+

J.L. danced as a soloist with the Scottish Ballet in 2003–2009. He performed in neo-classical and contemporary works by such major names as William Forsythe, Siobhan Davies, Ashley Page, Krzysztof Pastor, Richard Alston and Stephen Petronio. During his time in the UK he also performed with David Hughes Dance Company, Michael Keegan-Dolan's Fabulous Beast Dance Theatre and Kim Brandstrup's Arc Dance Company among others. In 2005 Lehmus received an Herald Angel Award for Excellence for his performances of Ashley Page's works at the Edinburgh

Festival Fringe.

After returning to Finland in 2011 Jarkko has been a regular visiting artist at Tero Saarinen Company and has also guested as a dancer, choreographer and rehearsal director at the Finnish National Ballet.

Alongside his artistic work Lehmus has also been an active member of the performers' unions both in the UK and in Finland. He is also a member of the board of Dance Health Finland, the artistic director of JoJo - Oulu Centre of Dance since January 2014 and producer of Cirko - Center for New Circus since April 2016.





# [Last Oddity]

"Last.fm was a music website, founded in the United Kingdom in 2002. Using a music recommender system called 'Audioscrobbler', Last.fm builds a detailed profile of each user's musical taste by recording details of the tracks the user listens to, either from Internet radio stations, or the user's computer or many portable music devices. This information is transferred ('scrobbled') to Last.fm's database either via the music player itself (including, among



Otacílio Melgaço always maintained a discreet posture there, divulging only fragments of sonic relics, like an unexpected virtual alcove. To be discovered by the few and explored by the rare. In certain nooks, he proposes to Internet users a game of hiding that seeks to reveal through the almost irrevelable, just as inaction is a form of action. In Last.fm, he's categorized as one of the (top) 'i-n-d-e-s-c-r-i-b-a-b-l-e' artists.

<https://www.last.fm/tag/indecribable/artists>







# [ADVICE-

Links to Melgacian Sites made  
for viewing on I- DESKTOPS or  
on II- MOBILE DEVICES / Links  
para Sites dados à luz por O.M. -  
a serem visualizados em I-  
Desktops ou em 2- Dispositivos  
Móveis -.]

"The image is not a closed field  
of knowledge; it is a whirling,  
centrifugal field. It is not a field  
of knowledge like any other; it is  
a movement demanding all the  
anthropological aspects of being  
and time. Images embrace us:  
they open up to us and close  
themselves to us in so far as



interconnections in perfect assembly. For him, the 'Spirit of the Time' of those who enjoy his sites must approach a perennial perspective, stimulating the exploration of an abyssal interiority, exciting the visitors to thoroughly 'immerse into themselves' simultaneously with a sense of reconnection with multifaceted alterities that populate his eloquence. It's a true and legitimate artistic Act in countless dimensions. Which O.M. proposes to each Netizen. However, how to reconcile this posture with (perhaps using some euphemisms) the celerity,







idea of transcendence. In this way he can progressively migrate to a contemplation of other Melgacian virtual creations, already in due conditions.

Literally, broader conditions of time 'n' space (and more: of Being).

Therefore, if you are making use, for example, of a smartphone: to enter the labyrinths of the artist, a zone exclusively made for a concise and swift odyssey:

<https://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/mobileom>



especially to be visualized on a larger screen (desktops):

PORTAL

OM

| <http://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/otaciliomelgaco>

+

Melgacian rhizomes

| Music (Preamble >> On the role of the curators of Otacílio

Melgaço including the cosmopolitan rhizomatic webs that the artist possesses and his compositional and production peculiarities)

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/preamblebypsp>

Melgacian rhizomes |

Music (English)

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/omenglish>

Melgacian rhizomes |

Music (Portuguese)

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacomusic>

Melgacian rhizomes |

Dramaturgy

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacoteatro>

Melgacian rhizomes | Dance

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacodance>

Melgacian rhizomes |

Photography

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacofotografia>

Melgacian rhizomes | Video Art

[http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com  
/melgacovideoarte](http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacovideoarte)

Melgacian rhizomes | Movie

[http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com  
/melgacocinema](http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacocinema)

Melgacian rhizomes | Sculpture

[http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com  
/melgacoescultura](http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacoescultura)

&

Melgacian rhizomes | Dépôt Des  
Marbres (Photo Galleries)

[http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com  
/depotdesmarbres](http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/depotdesmarbres)

Melgacian rhizomes | Grand  
Opera "Il Theatro Della  
Memoria" (Appendix multi  
referential of this monumental  
Work)

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com>

/theatrodellamemoria  
Melgacian rhizomes | Encomium  
to Luís Gonzaga Melgaço (Eulogy  
to the maestro and kindred of  
O.M.)

[http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com](http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacoencomium)  
/melgacoencomium

Melgacian rhizomes | The Village  
M. (With romanic and celtic  
roots, homage to the  
Portuguese hamlet that gave  
origin to the surname of the  
Brazilian artist)

[http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com](http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacopormelgaco)  
/melgacopormelgaco

Melgacian rhizomes | "Academia  
Petalógica Mineira" (Having  
Machado de Assis as a  
precedent and its Petalogical

Society anchored in Rio de Janeiro around the second half of the nineteenth century, surrealist Academy of Notables founded by Melgaço in his home state, Minas Gerais)

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacoacademia>

Melgacian rhizomes | "Ultracledalismo" (One of the possible Melgacian methods of artistic pregnancy inspired by Dalinian ovum)

<http://otaciliomelgaco.wix.com/melgacoultracledali>

"What we truly are is what the impossible creates in us."

~ Clarice Lispector





se aproximar de uma perspectiva perenal, estimulando o rebuscamento de uma interioridade abissal, excitando cada enveredador a imergir em si mesmo...simultaneamente a um sentido de religação com alteridades multifacetadas que povoam a eloquência do artista. Sim, trata-se de um verdadeiro e legítimo Ato artístico em incontáveis dimensões.

Que O.M. propõe a cada internauta.

No entanto, como conciliar essa postura com (talvez me valendo de alguns eufemismos) a celeridade, praticidade,









nos labirintos Melgacianos, há um espaço exclusivamente elaborado para sua concisa e ligeira odisseia:

<https://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/mobileom>

[Ali você encontrará, em Português e em Inglês, uma descrição do conceito que O.M. possui a respeito de ‘bio-g-r-a-f-i-a’ além de links para discografia, redes sociais, galerias e contato.

Se a mensagem ‘otimizar página’ surgir na parte inferior da tela, deve ser excluída pois já é intrínseca à responsividade.]











with the Internet and Google and Wikipedia. We have  
e-n-t-e-r-e-d the age of post-intelligence."  
(P. J. O'Rourke)

"Everything's w-r-o-n-g  
on Wikipedia."  
(Gore Vidal)

[Remark: In the original text  
>>>http://veragrassi.livejournal.com/ <<<, this epigraph  
was ironically  
scratched.]

"I refuse to join any c-l-u-b that  
would have me as a member."  
(Attributed to Groucho Marx)

Recently we were contacted by a kind admirer who communicated us the initiative to architect and insert a biographical page of Otacílio Melgaço on Wikipedia. He informed us that collected reliable data from the official sites of the artist, as well as other critical fortunes of public nature. We're grateful for the spontaneous dedication and commitment; we're sensitized by the generosity of the one who - here - has asked us to remain incognito, however, inexorably as Bartleby, character of Melville and still

endowed with so much contemporaneity: We Would Prefer Not To. We inform: there's not the slightest interest on the part of O.M. to appear in this 'free and gratuitous encyclopedia' (sic). 'Wiki' is Hawaiian for 'fast, quick'. We're faced with a terminology that seems rather suspicious to us today. Just as we are not adept at 'fast food' (and the analogy, if taken in depth, becomes overwhelmingly pertinent), we do not have sympathies for the same concept if, among other topics, applied to Knowledge and Artistic Fruition. In this sense,

‘speed’, in its current overvaluation, is becoming more and more synonymous with superficiality/ephemerality even by means of attractive promises of shortcuts and utilitarianism. Officially we declined peremptorily and perennially.

[Learn more here [https://archive.org/stream/TheSixSinsOfTheWikipedia/Six-Sins-of-Wikipedia\\_djvu.txt](https://archive.org/stream/TheSixSinsOfTheWikipedia/Six-Sins-of-Wikipedia_djvu.txt) (English)]

We have never been, are not and will not be covenanters of propensities to postmodern

pandemics such bagism,  
shagism, dragism, madism,  
ragism, tagism, this-ism, that-  
ism, is-m, googleism, is-m,  
wikipedism, is-m.

Prior to this manifestation, we  
already had the conviction that,  
for countless and convincing  
reasons, there was a clear  
discrepancy between our  
ethical principles and those of  
that arm, for us - not exactly  
trustworthy -, of the Wikimedia  
foundation. After telling us how  
the whole process was through  
which the same individual was  
forced to pass in the  
labyrinthine bowels of such  
niche; after a detailed

explanation of the dubious criteria adopted by them, full of inconsistencies and even (a euphemism) 'incivilities'; after ways of acting explicitly corporatist and totalitarian on the part of unprepared/ignorant people in terms of what is focused - starting with 'Contemporary Music' - ('people': monitors, tutors and, at the same time/worst of all, judges - devoid of capacity to deal with more complex/adults issues - ... all apt to the abuses of gigantic sum of 'small powers'). They would be, and now - without euphemisms -, those who the

great Brazilian playwright Nelson Rodrigues would call 'Fundamental Cretins' or 'Idiots of Objectivity'); after, therefore, finding unreliability in reassurance regarding positions and verdicts that deserve our repugnancy; ... this whole Kafkaesque scenario only corroborated our primordial certainty: the values that guide the Melgaço's career are antipodes to those that rule the intestines of this project of questionable 'enCYCLOPediSm'. [It's worth mentioning: two of the curators of Melgaço's work, in their reviews, trigger

information from this virtual 'source' - as any other person is entitled to do it - but it's not a procedure that has the artist as a coadjuvant. They do so by own responsibility; their interventions are fully independent. We trust in its various sources 'for purposes of pragmatism and clear exegesis' (especially in s-c-r-u-t-i-n-y). About the one in focus here: we attest to their accurate touchstones and demanding filtrations (and one question echoes: does everyone who consult the Wikipedia exercise those same care and, when necessary,

animadversion?). Between this and that, both do not suffer censorship on our part (would not be coherent with our conduct), notwithstanding, which seems to us correct: in none of the official pages signed by Otacílio himself will be found the use of 'Wiki'. And so it will continue to be.)

More relevant-and-revealant (and visceral) than the aforementioned notes, Otacílio Melgaço is not biographible (or biographicable, if you prefer). 'Only the Creation of the Artist has value for me. When has, naturally. I always refuse to give biographical informations or, if I

give, are false. And I always modify them. Ask what want to know and I will answer but I will never tell the truth.' Inspired by Italo Calvino, this Melgacian statement annihilates any doubt about it. In order to not perpetuate an illusory gap, it's concluded and consecrated that the truth (his truth) are the Works themselves and, in them, Otacílio bares to us the only possible 'grafy' of his 'bio'. As O.M. himself intends, here is what it should be definitely considered.

We appreciate the attention,  
sincerely,

Vera Grassi (Ø.M.Team)

## Post Scriptum

The jotting above brings up general and specific criticisms.

[Learn more here [https://elpais.com/diario/2009/06/10/sociedad/1244584801\\_850215.html](https://elpais.com/diario/2009/06/10/sociedad/1244584801_850215.html) (Español)]

Regarding the specific ones, they're turned to the lusophone Wikipedia, to that tentacle.

Referring not to the supposed 'encyclopedia' but to those who work there, certainly, unlike the hydræ already mentioned, in other vertebrae inhabit serious





Recentemente fomos contactados por um gentil admirador que nos declarou a iniciativa de arquitetar e inserir uma página biográfica de Otacílio Melgaço em Wikipédia. Nos informou que colheu dados fidedignos a partir dos sítios oficiais do artista, além de fortunas críticas outras e de cunho público. Nós agradecemos a dedicação e empenho espontâneos; ficamos sensibilizados pela generosidade daquele que – aqui – nos pediu para permanecer incógnito, contudo, inexoravelmente como Bartleby,

personagem de Melville e ainda dotada de tamanha contemporaneidade: 'Preferiríamos não'. Portanto informamos que não há o mínimo interesse da parte de O.M. quanto a constar em dita 'encyclopédia livre e gratuita' (sic). 'Wiki', do Havaiano, significa 'rápido, veloz'. Estamos diante de uma terminologia que nos parece bastante suspeita hoje em dia. Assim como não somos adeptos de 'fast food' (e a analogia, se levada a fundo, torna-se avassaladoramente pertinente), não temos simpatia pelo mesmo conceito se aplicado, dentre









Melgaço são antípodas aos que imperam nos intestinos (e cloacas) desse projeto de um ‘enCICLOPEdismo’ questionável.

[Vale constar que dois dos curadores da obra de Otacílio, em suas resenhas, acionam informações desse ‘manancial’ virtual - como a quaisquer outras pessoas é permitido fazê-lo... - porém não é um procedimento que tenha o artista como coadjuvante ou sacramentador. O fazem por responsabilidade própria, suas intervenções são plenamente independentes. Confiamos em suas várias fontes - ‘para fins

de pragmatismo e clara exegese' (sobretudo no e-s-c-r-u-tí-n-i-o) - e voltados àquela em foco aqui: atestamos seus apurados mecanismos de avaliação e exigentes filtragens (e uma pergunta ecoa: será que todos os que consultam a Wikipédia exercem esses mesmos cuidados e, sempre que necessário, criticismo?). Em todo caso, não sofrem - ambos - censura da nossa parte (não seria de nosso feitio), no entanto, o que nos parece correto: em nenhuma das páginas oficiais assinadas pelo







verdade (sua verdade) são as próprias Obras e nelas Melgaço desnuda a única possível ‘grafia’ de sua ‘bio’. Como ele próprio pretende, eis a que deve ser definitivamente considerada.

Agradecemos a atenção,  
cordialmente,  
Vera Grassi (O.M.Team)

## Post Scriptum

A presente nota traz à tona reprimendas generalizadas e também específicas.

[Aprofunde-se  
aqui [https://elpais.com/diario/2009/06/10/sociedad/1244584801\\_850215.html](https://elpais.com/diario/2009/06/10/sociedad/1244584801_850215.html) (Español)]

No que tange às específicas, são voltadas à Wikipédia lusófona, a esse tentáculo. Nos referindo não à suposta ‘enciclopédia’ mas àqueles que lá trabalham, certamente, ao contrário das hidras já mencionadas, em demais vértebras habitam seres sérios - e, cremos nós, ainda respirando -, e por isso a benevolente pertinência do subtítulo em latim.

Fonte:

<http://veragrassi.livejournal.com/>



# MELGACO, Otacílio:

Composer, arranger, conductor,  
multi-instrumentalist (besides  
synergistically creator in universes -  
borderless, interpenetrating - of  
dance, visual arts, photography,  
dramaturgy / literature ...)  
originating from Minas Gerais, Brazil.

## - Introduction -

"Uppermost, this Official Profile  
[https://pt-](https://pt-br.facebook.com/otaciliomelgacoofficial/)  
[br.facebook.com/otaciliomelgac](https://pt-br.facebook.com/otaciliomelgacoofficial/)  
[oofficial/](https://pt-br.facebook.com/otaciliomelgacoofficial/)  
aimed, like a compass rose,

I- To guide Netizens to Artist  
Portal & Sites.

Collaterally,

II- To proclaim the Melgacian  
Art in its real' n' ravishing  
silhouette: Offsprings, visceral  
intuitions, fragmentary  
confessions, o.m.nidirections,  
photos, ..., visit the profile  
below:

Otacílio Melgaço  
| <https://www.facebook.com/otacilio.melgaco>

Beyond question:

III- To effervesce  
confraternization, over a  
growing cross-cultural spiral,

among people around the four corners of the planet too.  
Having in common, the epicenter that's the treasuring of the O.M. Music and Art.  
Any contacts should be made through fb-messages or

e-mail  
(veredasvivas@gmail.com)

Thank you and be welcome."

(Vera Grassi / O.M.Team)

>>> Advance Notice: All Melgacian Sites were constructed to be visualized on desktops, that is, on large

screens, as they - until then traditionally - appear in 'fixed' machines (usually instrumentalised at home, at work and so on). If you use mobiles devices (smartphones, tablets etc), there's a virtual destination created exclusively for your visit - if through these portable types of support -:

<https://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/mobileom> <<<

On desktops:  
PORTAL OM (in Portuguese)

| <http://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/otaciliomelgaco>

## MUSIC SITE (in English) |

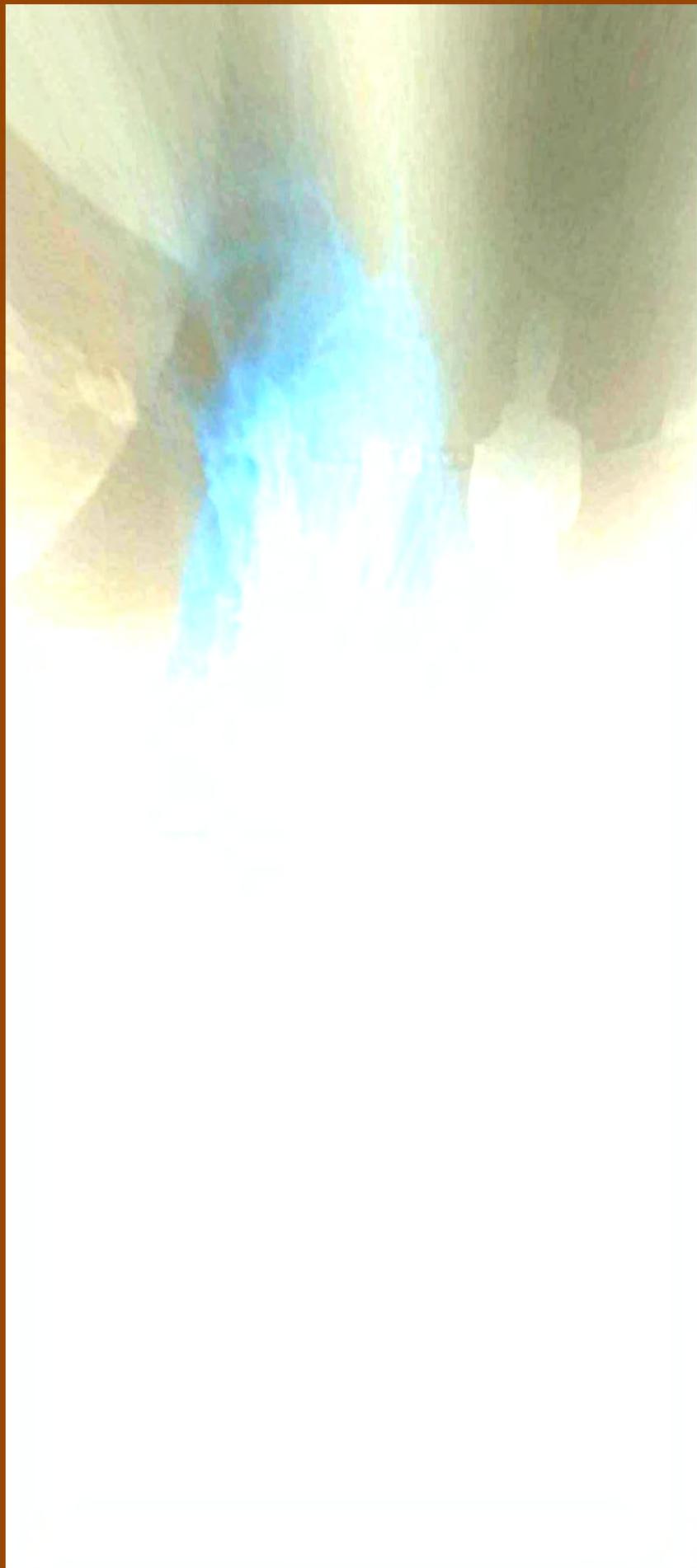
<http://otaciliomelgaco.wixsite.com/omenglish>

&

An additional remark: just as there are journalistic writing manuals, ruling a complex modus operandi, we did the same since the curators of O.M. had the idea of writing in a way that resembled the Melgacian style; so the whole O.M. Team take identic (ec)centric posture. The medial idea contained in this intrepid position was (here a resounding metaphor) to bring



interlaced, entwined, mated ...  
such as an immeasurable  
symphony in its plurality and  
outflow. And so we brought it to  
light (or at least tried) a mirror,  
a double of the core of Otacílio  
Melgaço's own creation.  
**Alea jacta est.**







creation. Universal: that which can interest, rightly, every human individual, according to his pure humanity. And one of the possible conclusions, after reading the prelude below, is that, at the junction of the new and the universal, lies the true Art of Otacílio Melgaço."

(Vera Grassi)

§

# THE ART OF BEING OR POINT SOUNDER POINT



cultivated postures or high requirements of interpersonal ratios do not - at all times - find echo in \* their - gregarious? - networkaholic daily litanies.]

Those who prestige the manifestations of O.M., listen to his works / acquire them, contact him in an empathic humanistic exchange, ... they - by and large - decode and instrumentalize virtual reality as an extension of a way of life which is very judgmental (demanding discernment / expansive prospecting) of Art and of all that surrounds it. Undoubtedly such panorama meets the own horizons







commercial advertisers that will flood you with teleguided propaganda, wherever you are to

unscrupulous and profitable companies (like those of political marketing) that illegally use your personal data to, for instance, influence elections (indeed, from this new form of manipulation, we must begin to look for a new and depreciated meaning for the term 'democracy') -;

¬ Not to a praiseworthy (almost poetic) exercise of conciseness but restricted shelter to the cubicular superficiality of (likewise an impeccable

metaphor!) the 140 or - after a long time - 'generous' 280 characters;

- ¬ Propitious nook for distilling aggressions (of the most varied types and to the most diverse targets) under the supposed protection of 'non-tactibility' (and often non-accountability);
- ¬ Edenic quicksand in which the opinion of each one (indefectiblely specialist in everything and everyone) is more factual than the facts themselves; thence, here's a lair for the post-truths + fake news (and how, from this, starting with the netizens, so many can be metamorphosed

into puppets - without even realizing it - at the hands of all kinds of Machiavellian machinations - since the ordinarily personal until those aimed at collective maneuvers -);  
¬ Ad infinitum ..... (?)

\*

'It is not necessary to accept everything as true, one must only accept it as necessary.' 'A melancholy conclusion,' said K.  
'It turns lying into a universal principle.'

~ Franz Kafka

\*

>> Everyone has the right to hold the reins of 'this' or to be hostage to 'that' or a portion of both: in the way that autarchically better understand and want.

<<

However, from our point of view / returning to primordial contextualization, also when it comes to Art and, moreover, to the Art that Mr. Melgaço proposes to engenders: we are openly averse to the perspective described above.

>> What has been argued now can be treated as one of the



terms. Political, social, and economic events everywhere are in a silent conspiracy with totalitarian instruments devised for making men superfluous.'

~ Hannah Arendt

\*

Neither embodying the precocious defeatism of the pessimists, nor assuming the risible gullibility of the optimists: we can be up-and-coming realists then. Howsoever, the wordplay deserves redoubled attention: it's imperative to be 'more real than royalty'. Should











else, qua Herbert von Karajan once mentioned: 'the profession such as a calling'; ... seeing that Otacílio Melgaço fully agrees with another illustrious Austrian, Rainer Maria Rilke, in uttering that 'fame' is finally only the sum total of all the misunderstanding that can gather around a new name.

Obiter, before the French sculptor (of whom the author of 'Briefe an einen jungen Dichter' was a temporary assistant) became quasi an unanimity, his friend Octave Mirbeau (writer, art critic, journalist and enthusiast of

anarchism) described Auguste so: 'Rodin is almost an 'unknown' (note: upgrading to 'O.M. and his circumstances', it's imperative to include some synonyms of the original word: 'foreigner', 'stranger', 'peregrine'). He has a horror of these 'circles' and lives little in the world. Since he does not advertise himself, advertising does not come to him. He lives near in obscurity, as do the strong and lonely, amidst the imaginations and dreams of his genius. He is content to make works of art that his friends admire and that posterity, which is never wrong,







- ¬ A deeper Link / Liaison / Nexus;
- ¬ Hyperkinetic fragment of an immersive Flow.

As a consequence, privileging the catapulting to the D.M.'s proper internetc spaces, we chose here not to post countless news from the media, specialized reviews, quotes, vehicularities, interventions and so on ... albeit ... to bring forth only (not necessarily in chronological order) unmethodical punctual carreuristic samples ... many in English, some in (Brazilian) Portuguese - native

language of Melgaço  
{pronunciation: [ ,mɛt'�asu]}

... to serve as references and  
guidance to the hoped-for  
visitors.

And what to do from it? Hang  
yourselves, honorable guests,  
on the rope of Freedom."

(Pablo Suarez Paz  
& Caio Campbell)

+

'I am an excitable person who  
only understands life lyrically,  
musically, in whom feelings are  
much stronger as reason.  
Reality doesn't impress me.'

I only believe in ecstasy. No  
more walls.‘

~ Anaïs Nin

# Post Scriptum or BRAVE NEW SWORD

"If you allow us, let's get away  
from the microcosms of social  
networks a little bit and go  
towards a wider horizon ...  
The binomial 'mankind' /  
'hyper technologization' is  
directed to an accelerated and  
ascensional interpenetration.  
Nowadays, a cell phone is as  
much a part of the clay /

earthenware / tabernacle as head, trunk and limbs. Not infrequently replacing the first of the three cited. It is not surprising that people who walk the streets, with their eyes and fingers on the same devices and who run the risk of colliding with other passersby or being hit by cars, are called 'smombie' (smartphone + zombie). But there is a lot to think about besides banal and ludicrous examples like this. Some corporations are signaling the fact of surgically implanting chips in their dedicated devotees staffers as a 'natural' trend. More than

that (in it but far beyond the 'employment corrals'): some say that in the not so remote future such chips will have nano proportions to the point of being inserted into the bloodstream. Reaching the brain, will leave their hosts in constant communication with the omniscient, omnipresent Big Cloud. There will be no need for intermediation through external devices, the human body will be the device itself. But will it still be called 'human'? Inter alia, the increasing denial and distancing of mortality leads us to make the same question: will it even be

denominated 'humane'? Believe, internauts: it's not sci-fi; we're faced with matters that, although not - hitherto - dominated, are already on the agenda and in the developmentalist occupation of many (for those who go beyond the epidermal media, we should commence with the interest and investment of kingfishes from the Silicon Valley). Realize that we have not, for the time being, entered here in the zone of advanced genetic engineering, cellular reprogramming, and so on. Belike the relevance of this inquiry becomes ephemeral because the irreversibility of

the 'metamorphoses' will be overwhelming. Should a spotlight be on intriguing topics that are in full swing whether in the futuristic-scientific and philosophical fields; we could talk about the transhumanism or even the Post-Man.

At least as a non-derogable pretension by certain elites, today we are experiencing a growing perspective of people's replication, taking their fleshes to the limit and if it is not possible to reach infinity in this way, we will transpose our 'consciousness' to inorganic supports and thus, from apparatus to apparatus, part of

world will finally reach the dream of being 'eternal'. Or could we say: 'neo divine'? But would 'this' still be 'us'? Would be many intrusive descriptions, landing at actuality / in short: what is 'real' and 'virtual' will become inextricably indiscernible. Or it already is.

Opening a parenthesis: (We do not intend to direct these lucubrations to a cyber apocalyptic eschatology. Notwithstanding: let's take a look at the case from our time, leaving aside the presageful suppositions. To be quite clean-cut and less ironic, not so much

omens or assumptions: a few days ago - we are in the second quarter of 2018 - there was news that scientists at the University of Yale, USA, were able to restore circulation in the cerebra of pigs that had been beheaded, thus keeping alive those organs for hours. In addition to raising ethical questions, another proof of how we're already changing, step by step, the definition of death. And of life too.

If we were to implant here all the news that are announced in official media every day, this text would be unfinished.

Proving this, just one more,

honorable internet users:  
humans will have more sex with  
robots than with other humans.  
Experts in technological trends  
indicate that this forecast must  
be fulfilled in 30 years.

Erotic dolls are becoming  
wondrously realistic,  
flexible and customized  
and will become quite  
accessible in the near futurity.  
(At least it will be an enjoyable  
mode of birth control.)

Anyway ...

The case from our time: AlphaGo  
is a computer program that  
plays the board game Go. It was  
developed by Alphabet Inc.'s  
Google DeepMind in London.

Go is an abstract strategy board game for two players, in which the aim is to surround more territory than the opponent. The game was invented in ancient China more than 2,500 years ago and is believed to be the oldest board game continuously played today. It was considered one of the four essential arts of the cultured aristocratic Chinese scholars in antiquity. The earliest written reference to the game is generally recognized as the historical annal Zuo Zhuan - c. 4th century BC -. Despite its relatively simple rules, Go is very

complex. Compared to chess, Go has both a larger board with more scope for play and longer games, and, on average, many more alternatives to consider per move. The lower bound on the number of legal board positions in Go has been estimated to be  $2 \times 10^{170}$ . In brief: it is considered the most challenging board game in the world.

In October 2015, AlphaGo became the first computer Go program to beat a human professional Go player without handicaps on a full-sized  $19 \times 19$  board. In March 2016, it beat Lee Sedol in a five-game match, the

first time a computer Go program has beaten a 9-dan professional without handicaps. Although it lost to Lee Sedol in the fourth game, Lee resigned in the final game, giving a final score of 4 games to 1 in favour of AlphaGo. In recognition of the victory, AlphaGo was awarded an honorary 9-dan by the Korea Baduk Association. The lead up and the challenge match with Lee Sedol were documented in a documentary film also titled AlphaGo, directed by Greg Kohs. It was chosen by Science as one of the Breakthrough of the Year runners-up on 22 December 2016. At the 2017 Future of Go

Summit, AlphaGo beat Ke Jie, the world No.1 ranked player at the time, in a three-game match. After this, AlphaGo was awarded professional 9-dan by the Chinese Weiqi Association. After the match between AlphaGo and Ke Jie, AlphaGo retired while DeepMind continues AI research in other areas. AlphaGo uses a Monte Carlo tree search algorithm to find its moves based on knowledge previously 'learned' by machine learning, specifically by an artificial neural network - a deep learning method - by extensive training, both from human and computer play.

It has been said that  
‘superhuman creativity will be  
extremely precious to us. Man  
perfecting himself through the  
machine. His humanity  
expanding itself after  
interacting with the inanimate  
creation. As a hope that this will  
happen to all of us.’ Particularly  
and sincerely we do not know: is  
it hope or naivete? We are not  
referring now to Go players who  
will expand their abilities after  
waging a battle with a super  
brainy machinery. Usually -  
thereafter - they, such  
gamesters, will be better at  
beating other humans, probably  
not enough to defeat a shrewd

‘clock-work’ which develops at every instant much more than the gentles themselves; we turn our attention to far more pivotal and universal prospective consequences - the inquiry is made again -: is it expectancy or greenness?

Physicist Stephen Hawking adverted: the emergence of artificial intelligence could be the ‘worst event in the history of our civilization.’ He explained that to avoid this potential reality, creators of AI need to ‘employ best practice and effective management.’ The scientist highlighted some of the legislative work being carried

out in Europe, particularly proposals put forward by lawmakers earlier this year to establish new rules around AI and robotics. Members of the European Parliament said European Union-wide regulations were needed on the matter. Do you believe that 'rules around AI and robotics' would work for real? We do not. 'We simply need to be aware of the dangers, identify them, employ the best possible practice and management, and prepare for its consequences well in advance.' It's not the first time the British physique has warned on the dangers of



doomsday scenarios. Facebook Chief Executive Mark Zuckerberg said he is 'really optimistic' about the future of AI. Excuse us, dear Mark, but Stephen's statements seem to be more lucid and less prone to profitability. At a technology conference in Lisbon, Portugal, Hawking told attendees that mankind had to find a way to control computers, CNBC reports. 'Computers can, in theory, emulate human intelligence, and exceed it. Success in creating effective AI, could be the biggest event in the history of our civilization. Or the worst. We just don't know. So



that enunciated the following: 'A good man allied to a machine is the best combination.' Good ... but and about the wicked? More than that: and when the machine does without Man?, whatever ... Therefore, it is important to make it clear that our urgent focus is not the horizon that will be traced by the irreversible ultra technologization; we are not talking here of a 'super developed self-sufficient machined universe' because we most likely have walked to that - whether we like it or not -, only: where mankind stands in this; who will be the Man in this? 'What' will the Man be??

Alpha Omega.  
Closed parenthesis).  
Forgiveness because of ...  
¬ The cyber skepticism.  
[Not on technology itself but on  
deplorable spectra of how it's  
so commonly applied in the day  
to day of the citizens by the  
citizens ... either as a vehicle for  
‘distracted alienations’ - like a  
crutch to an existential autopilot  
-; ... as for ‘empty vices’; ... as  
an alibi for the sake of a less  
empathic modus vivendi; ... as  
modes of preponderance of  
determined social classes over  
others less favored through  
privileged accessibility to  
cutting-edge tools and its

consequent unilateral empiricisms ... (note: Nor is it necessary to speak about what is already in force, let us again to the conjectures: revisiting the hypotheses already brought to light in one of the previous paragraphs: projections for an 'after-days' that will come - we only are not aware of exactly when -: do you believe that the ambitioned know-how for 'perpetual being' will be democratically approachable? In other words, in yet an unforeseeable forthcoming, even the 'Grim Reaper' will cease to be the only authentically

democratic figure among us)  
and so forth.]

Forgiveness because of ...

¬ The intimidating present  
exercise of futurology (?);  
... or because of ...

¬ An acid and (im)pertinent  
reason for a profound  
humanistic reflection ...

[newly, apologies are required  
owing to the somewhat sardonic  
needful propellant humor]

... nonetheless

¬ While people are gradually  
turning into cyborgs (and  
certainly still will be frequenting  
enough the social networks);

¬ While the globe is not thus far  
completely inhabited by robots

(aseptic scenario that - freed from the Menschliches, Allzumenschliches - would probably return to 140 characters - or better than this: evolve to 70! - and, as a bonus, would implement finally a salutary unobtrusive use of 'likes'; perchance equally will reduce the strategic obsession, at any price, with a mammoth number of 'followers');

¬ While AI is not - for the time being - the new God on duty (which will redefine in a more pre-programmed, programmatic and pragmatic way the term 'atheism' -



timelessness, then eternal life  
belongs to those who live in the  
present.'

~ Ludwig Wittgenstein

\*

Right away after exploring all  
Melgacian universes, Ladies and  
Gentlemen: close the '....book'  
(not as an extremist but rather  
an equalizing act leastwise),  
and, face to face with  
yourselves, go live the real real  
life too. 'There' (nay, the real  
real Here'n'Now), ... such very  
Melgacian multiverses (just like  
ourselves) will, more and more  
... and eternally, bloOM."

Post  
Post  
Scriptum  
or THE DOORS  
OF PRECEPTION

"In favor of stipulating a propositive synthesis, a final step we will now take onto the outermost hereafter.

'No great art has ever been made without the artist having known danger.'  
~ Rainer Maria von Rilke

\*

It may seem paradoxical and contradictory nevertheless, subsequently to our statements made on expectations for the becoming and whereas even the uncertainties and hazards, an undaunted interest and expeditionary curiosity exist in us. Perhaps it's a flaw - or is it the reverse? - in our instinct for survival (more than that, a lapse - or is it the opposite? - in the preservation of the own species); perchance a daring way (or kamikaze?) to launch ourselves toward the Inevitable. After all, without contradictions

and paradoxes. History goes round and round and round in a tedious circle. It would be a little constructive 'ewige Wiederkunft' (eternal recurrence).

What's at issue here is that

we prefer to make the intersection between an awakened consciousness of evolutionary possibilities (for better or worse) that can be unpredictable / uncontrollable and how much

we

are embarking for a Saga that is crucially exciting pointedly

because of equilibrium (or  
imbalance?) that

we  
think

we  
have before what

we  
dominate and what

we  
riskily judge to dominate.

This excess of

'We'  
(the first person, plural  
personal pronoun  
- nominative case -)

is  
part  
of what can extinguish us, or  
part



‘by the fire of his own creation.’  
~ François-Auguste-René Rodin

\*

Otacílio Melgaço is an elegant collector of flammable contradictions and incendiary paradoxes; just like, *inter alia*, the very Art. From the pArt of him, a stout-h-e-A-R-T-ed ART.

\*

‘The job of the artist is always to deepen the mystery.’  
~ Francis Bacon

\*

The Melgacian creations,  
- pArt  
of them -, in reality, no longer  
only foreshadow the future-  
anon-presentified  
as projects us to  
the ulteriority-of-the-future.  
The proper  
'We':  
will not be propelled  
... but the ones  
in which each of us  
will have been converted.  
Presumably ... no more human,  
no machines; neither natural  
nor artificial,  
we

enter into the field of the Unnameable (even if it's all made up of algorithms). [As a proem, an exordium to this, we recall a review (of one of us) for a certain Melgaço album (originally the title is in Persian. Translating: 'Silk Route'): 'Once asked the members of the British band The Clash about the reason for giving birth - at first - to a triple disc ('Sandinista!'). 'Why triple?' (The production was the subject of controversy with the label for various reasons, mainly financial and market). They



go further.

We

enter into the field of the exceedingly Unnameable. It turns out that many of the sonic proles of Otacílio Melgaço have now penetrated this indenominated (new) stage.

They were also made to be h-e-a-r-d (or a verb will have to be invented for this)

by not a person as

we

understand, by whom (or what) does not yet exist in fact (nor in our fertile imagination). This annotatio does not belong to any conceivable cartesianism neither to an erratic lunatism.

It's  
part  
of a Whole.

A Whole that reveals itself through various means: since inautopsy-able insights ... until the most intense frictioned perceptions; from projective sensations that sounds et silences whence timbres et harmonies et dissonances et noises et consonances et tessitures et cetera provide us as a type of 'abduction' ... to a clear effect of loss of notion of chronology; since - hence - the sum of all the axes (human and, in our glimpse: more than human) that exonerate us from

the present ... until the trans-  
ontological splendor that only  
the deepest Art is able to bring  
to light. Such attempts to  
describe the indescribable  
would be endless. Such physical  
and metaphysical phenomena  
and many others may be more  
properly perceived, translated,  
instrumentalized if  
we  
perform the hearing of  
the Offsprings of O.M.

\*

‘The key to the mystery of a  
great artist is that for reasons  
unknown, he will give away his

energies and his life just to make sure that one note follows another... and leaves us with the feeling that something is right in the world.'

~ Leonard Bernstein

\*

All right, an upswinging metaphor: has its countdown started a ringing takeoff towards the To-Be.  
Unfasten seat belt  
>>>3<<< (we will not need this kind of safety) and allow yourself distancing yourself from a more ephemeral, splintered, Lilliputian

contemporary tendency (sic) of  
listening to 'Mousike' - art of  
the Muses - and so, with  
Melgaço, re-activate  
decided profundities,  
monumentalities,  
vastnesses,  
unlimits.

Spatial'n'temporal  
... and beyond.

Reading the testimony  
of Stanley Kubrick  
(`a film is - or should be - more  
like music than like fiction. It  
should be a progression of  
moods and feelings. The theme,  
what's behind the emotion, the  
meaning, all that comes later').

>>2<< we

believe that it would be possible to replace the say 'film' with 'future'.

As a result, two admirable historical figures with very different biographies will tie up loose ends of our peroration.

One was an American political figure, diplomat, meliorist; the other is Pakistani activist for female education, the youngest Nobel Prize laureate. Are simple words but (and that's

accurately why) quite 're-evolutionary' if

>|< we

have open mind & free spirit to read them. Here recontextualized (after our

impertinent addendum), they gain fresh and apotheotic connotations.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt reverberated:

‘The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams.’

These are spells that concomitantly come from the mouth (and compositions) of D.M. right now. They represent a tongue that is articulated and immortalized in his real Work as well as Ms. Malala Yousafzai so echoes:

‘Let us make our future now, and let us make our dreams tomorrow's reality.’

Yes, Otacílio Melgaço is,  
forevermore,  
a dreamer consenting to dream  
of  
(and reinvent and build)  
the actual world, Ladies and  
Gentlemen.  
Past-present-future world, even  
more: the timeless.  
A brave new world  
(that must be)  
(re)visited  
that ART thou."

§

lift off  
<https://melgacootacilio.bandcamp.com>



# E P Í

## L O G O

Fragmento de uma entrevista prestada pelo artista brasileiro Otacílio Melgaço ao musicólogo argentino e *um de seus curadores*, Pablo Suarez Paz. Sob o engenho de *mille umano itescas* vozes, responde a indagação que (in)tenta, afinal, lhe fazer esculpir-em-palavras, ‘Quem É O.M.(?)’:

“Constantemente me indagam a esse respeito e espero aqui trazer à luz justa elucidação... Permitir-me-ei ser uma *legião* em tal respostar... Demandarei de si e dos internautas: fôlego e benevolência...

Goethe: 'Minha obra é a de um ser coletivo que se chama Goethe'. Afirmava o weimariano que, *se suprimisse tudo o que devia aos seus predecessores, restaria pouco.* Talvez nós não sejamos criadores de nossas idéias, mas apenas seus porta-vozes? Elas

é que nos dão forma? E cada um de nós simplesmente carrega a tocha que no fim do caminho outro levará? Não nego minha constante descida ao *Hades!*

Como, odisseiano que sou, renegaria *Nekyia*? No entanto, do autor *faustoso* um outro vértice: 'Empurra ousadamente a porta diante da qual todos procuram esquivar-se!' Senhor Pablo Suarez Paz: *devenir nest pas imiter: Je ne suis pas un ventre-de-location du passé!*

Poderia me valer literalmente de Carl Gustav Jung - e o farei daqui em diante - a conflagrar tamanhas sincronicidades...: minha vida

talvez será a história de um inconsciente a se realizar.

*Contudo, antiedipiano, invocarei mesmo Deleuze em/a respeito ao/do inconsciente, um inconsciente que funciona como uma fábrica e não como um teatro (questão de produção e não de representação).* Plissê Fractal: *sim, talvez toda linguagem seja uma linguagem exposta à emergência dos efeitos do inconsciente e faço parte de um liliputiano front de artistas que se dirigem aos inconscientes que protestam!*

Sendo assim, o que se é, mediante uma intuição interior e o que o homem parece ser

*sub specie aeternitatis* só pode ser expresso através de um mito. Minhas criações contam o mito de minha vida? O contrário! Inadiavelmente o contrário! Criações verídicas, vida?: *não necessariamente*. A vida do homem é uma tentativa aleatória. Só é, quiçá, um fenômeno monstruoso por causa de seus números e exuberância. É tão fugidia que a existência de seres (e seu desenvolvimento) parece um prodígio! Sempre se me afigurou uma planta que extrai sua vitalidade do rizoma; a vida propriamente dita não é visível, pois jaz no rizoma. O que se

torna visível sobre a terra, dura  
uma só primavera, depois  
fenece... Aparição efêmera.  
Horror tenho eu ao efêmero!

*Quando se pensa no futuro e no  
desaparecimento infinito da vida  
e das culturas, não poderemos  
nos furtar a perenidade da vida  
sob a eterna mudança. O que  
vemos é a floração - e ela  
desaparece. Mas o rizoma  
persiste!*

Só me parecem dignos  
de ser narrados os  
acontecimentos da minha vida  
através dos quais o mundo  
eterno irrompeu no mundo  
efêmero. Por isso: as  
experiências interiores!: minhas



empalidecem: viagens, relações humanas fortuitas, ambiente.

Exemplifico: ao longo de minha existência, me defrontei com muitos 'ilustres': artistas, pensadores etc mas confesso sinceramente que poucos desses encontros representaram para mim um acontecimento marcante.

Éramos como navios que se saudavam em alto mar, cada qual baixando sua bandeira.

Assim, embora sejam personalidades importantes aos olhos do mundo, não deixaram marcas na minha lembrança. Tais não tiveram consequências profundas; foram desprovidos



*devorado é para mim o contrário daquilo que excita o apetite. Em suma, a lembrança dos fatos exteriores de minha vida, em maior parte, esfumou-se em meu espírito ou então desapareceu. Mas os encontros com a outra realidade, o embate com o inconsciente, se impregnaram de maneira indelével em minha memória.*

Nessa região sempre abundância e riqueza.

Aurea Catena, a 'Torre' (de marfim? não importa de que é feita...) se comunica com o Céu (e seu mais-Alto) contudo e justamente por se apilastrar em radicalizante

Terra! *Ponto de Equilíbrio* para que *Ponto de Mutação*. (Cortar os todos cordões umbilicais?:  
...quando o artista atingir seu paroxismo / cumprir sua missão / e assim conquistar o direito de confrontar / a idéia da morte - i.é: d'outro artístico transcender - em paz...)

Aqui e agora, piamente deveríamos, dia a dia, sol a sol, proferir as palavras iniciais dos **Septem Sermones ad Mortuos**: '*Nós voltamos de Jerusalém, onde não encontramos o que buscávamos*'.

## Interlúdio

### Transconceitual - Primeiro Aparte:

Que não confundam 'universo interior' (e 'inconsciente' e etc) com uma perspectiva descolada do, *aqui maiúsculo*, Real. Uma trilha que tomarei como *testa-de-ferro* elucidante: a que alcunham 'arte conceitual' (*& seus rebentos*). Em maioria das vezes, noções intelectuais onanistas por um lado e por outro: medidas parco-empíricas. Aberrações se a tentativa de tudo *dominar* pelo dito intelecto. Como um fim secreto, subtrair-se à eficácia dos arquétipos e também à experiência Real, em benefício



essa que nos é apresentada pelo artista, sob o manto ou mortalha *nominal*, geralmente inconsistente, oligofrênica ou finória, velhaca).

Uma noção não abriga ninguém, e é precisamente essa satisfação que se procura, uma vez que muitas vezes promete, apesar de pregar o contrário, proteger contra a experiência.

(Expandindo minha quase peroração à estratosfera: um panorama que vai de epidêmico a holocáustico!: de quando em vez sou levado a melancólica e revoltosamente constatar debordiadamente *que as vidas são envoltas por uma imensa*



transveracidade) do Real. *Não é com palavras que se afasta um cão do fogo!* E no entanto esse processo é repetido, infinitamente... Eis porque os artistas (e público?) mais mediocrizados e mediocrizantes são, além dos charlatães e charlatões habituais, os pretensos intelectuais: pois entre eles, uma das mãos sempre ignora o que faz a outra. Cultivam uma 'psicologia de comportamentos'... Feita a ressalva, repito: *nada mais Real que os acontecimentos Interiores e: relevantíssimo: toda sua (pré e pós) P-a-r-t-u-r-i-ê-n-c-i-a!* Adendo: o que cito,



terra; por isso notável vítima do exagero e da irrealdade.

Irrealidade que pode representar o cúmulo da abominação... (fim do aparte primeiro)

### Interlúdio Psicóide -

**Segundo Aparte:** Sou um homem magmaticamente solitário... E justamente por pagar o alto preço de tal visceral *individuação*, tenho comigo bem clara e aprioricamente que identidades coletivas são muletas para os paralíticos, escudos para os ansiosos, divãs para os preguiçosos, recreio para os irresponsáveis, mas também albergues para os pobres e



mais do que nunca, se encontra ameaçado pelo anonimato.

*Vide, como exemplo, inúmeros ditos artistas que preferem a vereda da pastichização...*

O fato de se pertencer a uma organização coletiva é tão importante na nossa época que tem o mesmo direito de parecer como uma meta definitiva, enquanto que toda tentativa de sugerir ao homem a eventualidade de um passo a mais no caminho da autonomia pessoal pode ser considerada uma presunção, desafio prometeico, fantasia ou mesmo impossibilidade.

Pode acontecer que alguém, por motivos importantes, se sinta constrangido a procurar o seu caminho, por seus próprios meios, em direção a horizontes mais largos...porquanto não encontra em nenhuma forma, em nenhum molde, em nenhum dos envoltórios, em nenhum dos meios de vida que *lhe são oferecidos*, aquele que lhe convém. E então irá só, representando *sua própria sociedade*. Será sua própria multiplicidade que se compõe de numerosas opiniões e tendências, nem todas seguindo, necessariamente, o mesmo

sentido. Pelo contrário, estará em constante estado de dúvida em relação a si mesmo, e não encontrará facilidades para conduzir sua própria multiplicidade a uma ação integrada. *A multiplicidade interior o cinge intimamente mas o impele a desviar-se da identidade (ou, na maioria das vezes, débil comparsamento) com o 'mundo exterior', nesse caso, refiro-me à feição cooptante, críptica das 'manadas'.* Também há os que não suportam a marginalidade e que sacrificam sua meta individual, portanto, à necessidade da adaptação



*substituto de um sofrimento legítimo, sinal de alarme que o induz a procurar um processo de 'cura' pessoal.*

Conseqüentemente, a perturbação psíquica de uma *neurose* e a própria podem ser concebidas como um *ato frustrado de adaptação*. Essa formulação jungiana corresponde à opinião de um Freud, para quem a *neurose* constitui, num certo sentido, uma tentativa de autocura.

Continuando: aquele que, impelido por seu *daimon*, ousa ultrapassar as fronteiras desse estado intermediário - marcado pela pertinência a uma

coletividade - penetra, por assim dizer, no 'inexplorado para sempre inexplorável', onde não há mais caminhos seguros que o guiem, nem abrigos que estendam sobre ele um teto protetor. Nessa região não há mais leis, trata-se, em princípio, de uma *no man's land*...

Encontrar-se-á na posição do 'homem-só': possui um segredo que não admite qualquer debate público pela excelente razão de que esse homem já é fiador perante si mesmo de uma acusação impiedosa e de uma defesa obstinada; nenhum juiz temporal ou espiritual poderia *devolver-*

*Ihe o sono.* De resto, se ele não conhecesse previamente, ***ad nauseam***, as decisões desses eventuais juízes, os fatos nunca teriam chegado a um conflito de deveres. Este último, sempre supõe uma consciência elevada de suas responsabilidades. É justamente a virtude que Ihe proíbe a aceitação de uma decisão coletiva; e por esse motivo o júri do mundo exterior é transposto para o mundo interior onde uma decisão será tomada, de portas fechadas. Transformação que confere ao indivíduo uma significação antes ignorada. E ele será, doravante, não só seu *eu* bem conhecido e













esperado. O inesperado e o inabitual fazem parte do mundo, não? Muito mais do que imaginam. Possuo um *daimon* e quando está em ação, sentimos muito perto e muito longe...

**Philemonis Sacrum -  
Fausti Poenitentia.** O elemento criador e meu *daimon* se impuseram a mim de forma absoluta e brutal? O que sei é que as ações habituais que posso eu projetar passam, geral e inadiavelmente, para um segundo, terceiro plano... Não posso julgar a vida ou mim mesmo, não tenho nenhuma convicção definitiva - a respeito do que quer que seja. Sei

apenas que nasci e que existo. Existo à base de algo que não conheço. Apesar de toda a incerteza, sinto a solidez do que existe e a continuidade do meu ser, tal como sou-sendo.

Como em toda questão metafísica, a vida tem e não tem sentido, possui e não possui significado - ambas alternativas são provavelmente verdadeiras... Quando Lao-Tse diz: '*Todos os seres são claros, só eu sou turvo*', exprime o que sinto interiormente. Lao-Tse é o exemplo de um homem de sabedoria superior que viu e fez a experiência do valor e do não-valor, e que no fim da vida



íntimo, isto quer dizer que  
pouco significam. Eis porque, do  
alto de melgaciana  
(*bollingeniana? jungiana?*)  
'Torre', minha vida é pobre em  
acontecimentos exteriores...  
Não me estenderei sobre eles e  
nem proponho o mesmo aos  
poucos curiosos ou  
ressabiados, pois me pareceria  
vazio e imponderável.

**Noli foras ire,  
in interiore homine  
habitat veritas!**

O Destino sempre quis  
que na minha vida todo o  
exterior fosse acidental e que  
só minha dentridão



*os multiversos... e... o Eterno no homem.* Sim, é como se essa estranheza que há tanto tempo me separa do mundo viesse também se interiorizando, revelando-me constantemente uma dimensão desconhecida e inesperada de mim mesmo e de tudo o que, micro e macrocosmicamente, numa instância, me quanticamente compõe (faz-se/face conteúdo) e noutra: invaginadamente rodeia (faz-se/face continente)... Tendo a perscrutar A-b-r-a-x-á-s. Em conluio ou, oxalá *hierosgamos*: o isolamento e a comunhão! Na comunhão, cada homem nos

demais; no isolamento, um homem a evitar escravidões; na comunhão haverá continênciam; no isolamento: prodigalidade; comunhão: profundezam; isolamento: elevação; a medida certa na comunhão purifica e preserva; no isolamento: purifica e aumenta; comunhão nos dá calor, isolamento luz.

## Uróboro:

eis que o *Destino* (*acreditaria eu em Destino?*) quer, requer que na minha vida se acasalem a accidentalidade do exterior e as reiteradas dentridões (substancialíveis, determinantes!)...

É a *coda* grafar-se-á  
rilkeana: 'É a Natureza de  
sua origem que julga  
uma Obra de Arte.'

*Io misi una pietra su  
quel soggetto; finale punto.*

Post Scriptum: ao final da vida, Hermann Hesse ouvia música, cuidava de seu jardim e só. O admirador do romancista que, desejoso de conhecê-lo, se acercasse do portão do mesmo jardim, divisava uma inscrição discreta porém incisiva: '*Quando um homem atinge a velhice /*

*Cumprida sua missão / Tem o  
direito de confrontar / A idéia da  
morte em paz. / Não necessita  
de outros homens; / Conhece-os  
e sabe bastante a seu respeito. /  
Necessita é de paz. / Não é bom  
visitar este homem ou falar-lhe,  
/ Fazê-lo sofrer banalidades. /  
Deve-se desviar / À porta de sua  
casa, / Como se lá ninguém  
morasse.'* Escritos de Meng-  
Tse... Venho, por conseguinte,  
cumprindo minha intransferível  
*Missão* e sabemos, o Senhor e  
eu e todos mais, que temos o  
direito de confrontar também a  
Idéia da Vida, caro Pablo

Suarez, em... Paz..."















